AN

ENTERTAINING TOUR,

THROUGH PART OF

FLANDERS, GERMANY & HOLLAND.

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AN
ENTERTAINING TOUR,

CONTAINING A VARIETY OF

INCIDENTS AND ADVENTURES,

IN A JOURNEY THROUGH PART OF

FLANDERS, GERMANY & HOLLAND,

HISTORICAL, POLITICAL AND ENTERTAINING,

DESCRIBING, WITH INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES,

AMSTERDAM,	ROTTERDAM,	OSTEND,
BRUGES,	GHENT,	ANTWERP,
ALOST,	BRUSSELS,	NAMUR,
LOUVAIN,	LIEGE,	SPA,
AIX LA CHAPEL,	BOMMEL,	HAERLEM,
HAGUE,	BOIS LE DUC,	MAESTRICHT,
UTRECHT,	EYNDHOVER,	HELVOETSLUYS.

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE VARIOUS

PAINTINGS, PICTURES COINS, INNS, MODE OF TRAVELLING,

AND A HISTORY OF THE VARIOUS PLACES;

THE WHOLE USEFUL AS A COMPANION TO THE

HISTORIAN AND TRAVELLER,

AND ALSO ILLUSTRATES THE EVENTS OF THESE COUNTRIES,

BY AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN,

LATELY RETURNED.

LONDON:

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ADDRESS

TO THE

PUBLIC.

THE diffidence with which I preſent the following ſheets to the public, with the humble title this work aſſumes, will, I truſt, diſarm the criticiſms and cenſures of the learned world. Conſcious of its many defects and inaccuracies, I entreat particularly their candour and indulgence.

But, to the public in general, I have a more powerful, more intereſting claim—An unhappy mother, reduced by unfavourable, unforeſeen misfortunes, from a life of affluence and elegance, to that of actual want and miſery, aggravated by the additional diſtreſs of beholding four helpleſs children, looking up to her for that ſupport, which the cruelty of Fate deprives her of the means of affording — through the channel of the following ſheets, ſupplicates aſſiſtance — To the uſe of herſelf and family, the emoluments ariſing from the ſale of this trifling work will be appropriated; and, in ſuch a cauſe, I have no doubt, but the generoſity of a benevolent and humane public will be excited to patronize a work, from which the Author

claims

claims no merit, but in the intention—I truſt, after what I have ſaid, I ſhall eſcape the trite (though in general I confeſs too true) obſervation of the cenſorious world, *of making the public pay for the expences incurred in a tour of pleaſure.*—Conſcious how very inconſiſtent it would be to accuſe me of any ſuch intention, I feel more ſanguine than I otherwiſe ſhould, of receiving the ſupport of a benevolent world—In an age of charity like this, I have every reaſon to promiſe myſelf ſucceſs—nor will it, I truſt, be too premature, if anticipating the generoſity of the public, I venture to ſubſcribe myſelf

Their ever obliged,

Moſt grateful, and

Obedient humble Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

TO THE

READER.

THE cauſe of my preſenting the following ſheets to the world, has already been given in my addreſs to the public — It is only therefore neceſſary I ſhould apologize to my readers for the inaccuracies they will meet with in it, as well as the many deficiences, which will ſtrike every perſon of common obſervation at firſt ſight—On making a ſhort tour laſt

year through part of the Auſtrian Netherlands, part of Holland, and a ſmall part of Germany, I promiſed a friend to take an exact account of the different expences, incident to the tour, as well as ſome account of the manners, cuſtoms, and government of the different places through which I paſſed—I was particularly deſired to be as exact as I could in my accounts of Bruſſels, the capital of the Netherlands, and of one capital city in Holland —The reader will, therefore, find my account of the police of Flanders and Holland, confined to the cities of Bruſſels and Amſterdam—On my return to England, I gave in my narrative to my friend—It was the narrative of a man, who never intended it ſhould ſtand the ſevere teſt of

public criticiſm — The miſery of the unhappy family I have before mentioned, ſuggeſted to me this expedient of relieving them, by publiſhing theſe, otherwiſe unintereſting memoirs—My readers will, I am well convinced, readily diſcern the detriment, which the ſmalleſt delay would have been productive of—Utterly unable, from my ſituation in life, to aſſiſt this poor unfortunate family for any length of time from my purſe, I have adopted almoſt as bad an expedient—my pen—. The one, however, depends ſolely on itſelf; the other has the aſſiſtance of a generous and humane public, who, ever alive to the voice of misfortune, when united with virtue, will yield a helping hand to calamities, which no demerit has occaſioned, but

merely the unavoidable ſtroke of fate—With all its imperfections, therefore, I was reſolved, before misfortune had fallen too ſevere, to uſher into the world this *petite ouvrage*, which, but for this cauſe, had never made its appearance, but remained as totally unknown as the author is—The hurry with which I have arranged and copied this work, in order to prepare it for the preſs, has not permitted me to beſtow that attention and time on it I could wiſh—My readers will find me triflingly minute, and perhaps tedious in my account of expences, and other *minutiæ*, which were never intended for public inſpection—It was my intention at firſt to omit theſe trifles—I have been perſuaded, however, to let them remain, and I hope, trifling as they are, they

they will be of uſe at leaſt to ſome, who may make in part a ſimilar tour — Having ſaid thus much, I beg leave to preſent my book to the public in its birth day ſuit, unattired and unornamented—It has not one merit, ſave what can be extracted from the motive which has led to its publication; nor on any other account, does it claim, or deſerve the patronage of the public.

London, Dec. 20, 1786.

LIVING at the diſtance of more than one hundred miles from the metropolis, and for reaſons, which muſt be obvious to the reader, not being able to intruſt a friend with the ſuperintendance of the preſs, I find, on peruſal, many inaccuracies and errors, which have been occaſioned by the impoſſibility of oral communication between the printer and author.—The reader will have the goodneſs to pardon theſe, and I flatter myſelf, if he will take the trouble of turning to the next page, he will find in the errata, *moſt of the miſtakes properly rectified—The unavoidable misfortune, which his abſence from town has occaſioned, the author hopes, his kind readers will allow for.*

ERRATA.

Page 31—in the Note—for *wrote*, read *written*.
35—line 3, for *ſuperintendant on*, r. *ſuperintendant of*.
47—— 10, for *polite*, r. *petite*.
52—— 3, for *Santonder*, r. *Santander*.
—— 11, for *Panwell*, r. *Pauwell*.
73—— 6, for *prepared*, r. *propoſed*.
—— 10, for *Les Sermen*, r. *Les Sermens*.
80—— 5, dele *other*.
82—— 10, for *Brabaneons*, r. *Brabancons*.
83—— laſt line, r. *delightful as it is*.
86—— 8, for *Wolckier's*, r. *Walckier*.
91—— 13, dele *to*.
96—— 5, for *entered*, r. *interred*.
98—— 4 & 5, put commas after *Capucins*, *Beguinage*, *Dominicains*, and *Carmes*.
110—— 20, r. part of *the ramparts*.
113—— 15, for *the*, r. *though*
115—— 15, for *Huyame*, r. *Heaume*.
116—— 9, r. preſent to *his* hoſt *there*.
120—— 13, r. *delightful, and*
121—— 7 & 10, dele *the*.
129—— 14, for *Sauveinere*, r. *Sauveniére*.
130—— 15, dele *the*
132—— 14, r. exceeding good *houſe*.
135—— 9, r. *play at it*.
149—— 16, for *their*, r. *his*.
193—— 6, for *Schephen's*, r. *Schepen's*.
195—— 12, for *gilder*, r. *guilder*.
203—— 4, dele *as*.
206—— 3, for *gilders*, r. *guilders*.
208—— 13, for *Eſchevins*, r. *Echevins*.
223—— 3, r. *to the vindictive*.
227—— 18, for *order*, r. *orders*.
237—— 5 & 17, for *L'Hoſpital*, r. *L'Hopital*.
250—— 1, for *Scagliger*, r. *Scaliger*.
—— 5, for *St. Peter's*, r. *St. Peter*.
252—— 7, for *Fleece*, r. *Lion*.
256—— 5, after William Iſt. r. *Prince of Orange, by his ſecond wife*.

OSTEND.

THIS was once the ſtrongeſt town in Flanders; it is ſubject to the Emperor of Germany, who within theſe few years has made it a free port: it ſtands in a marſhy, ſwampy ſoil, ſurrounded with an immenſe number of canals. Till towards the cloſe of the ſixteenth century Oſtend was merely an inſignificant fiſhing town. In 1583 it was beſieged by the Duke of Parma, but the bravery of the garriſon, with the great advantages they poſſeſſed over the beſiegers, induced him

ſhortly to give up the attempt, and to withdraw his forces. The ſiege was near thirty years afterwards renewed by the Archduke Albert, Governor of the Netherlands, and forms one of the moſt memorable ſieges in hiſtory. The garriſon, commanded by our gallant countryman Vere, repelled every attempt which the ingenuity of a nation, at that time moſt conſpicuouſly eminent for military knowledge, could deviſe; and the Archduke having waſted the flower of his army in the proſecution of an enterprize, the ſucceſs of which could by no means have repaid the blood and treaſure he had expended on it, at the end of two years and an half retired to Bruſſels, leaving the proſecution of the ſiege to the greateſt military genius of his age, the Marquis de Spinola, who, either by his ſuperior judgment in conducting the ſiege, or by other cauſes which

which operated at that time much in favour of the beſiegers, obliged the garriſon to capitulate, after he had been there eighteen months.

The Dutch, though at laſt obliged to yield to the ſuperior force of their enemies, gained every advantage they could wiſh, from the length of this ſiege; whilſt the Spaniſh commanders received daily poſitive orders from Madrid to proſecute this ſiege, they would not ſpare any part of their army on any other ſervice; the Dutch therefore had an opportunity of throwing in ſuccours, and of augmenting the garriſons of their towns unmoleſted. Oſtend has ever ſince continued a part of the Auſtrian Netherlands. On the Death of Charles the Second of Spain, it was ſeized by the French; they remained however in poſſeſſion of it but a very ſhort time, it being

retaken by the confederate army immediately after the battle of Ramillies. The double ditch, and the ramparts, its ancient defence, are nearly deſtroyed, and two baſons, very commodious for ſhipping, ſubſtituted inſtead of the former. I know no publick buildings, or other curioſities in this place, worthy the attention of ſtrangers. It being one of the frontier towns, you meet with ſtrangers of all nations. The inns I cannot ſay much in praiſe of; the three tolerable ones are the Engliſh Hotel (Baylis's); a ſecond Engliſh Hotel, kept by Knowles; and the Town Houſe: I gave the preference to the firſt, from recommendation. You are extremely well accommodated, for which you are alſo as well charged—indeed I muſt remark, the Engliſh houſes are in general the moſt extravagant of any on the Continent.

It will be neceſſary now to give you ſome account of the coins in uſe all over the Netherlands, as for want of being acquainted with them, ſtrangers are often liable to great inconveniences, as well as great impoſitions—they are as follows:

The Louis, value four crowns.

Crown, value three florins, 5 ſols, and a liard.

Florin, an imaginary piece, value 20 ſols.

Eſcalin, a piece value 7 ſols.

Styver, value 1 ſol.

In the principality of Liege, the coins vary in ſome meaſure as to their value, viz.

The crown (French) is value 11 old, 10 new eſcalins.

Eſcalin (German) value 10 ſols.

Eſcalin, Liegiois, 9 ſols.

This is all the variation in the coins: Philip the Fifth, by a decree changed the worth of German money—an eſcalin in the year 1701, valued at ſix ſols, was decreed to bear the price of 6 and half ſols, and afterwards 7 ſols; all the other coins too increaſed proportionably. Before you leave Oſtend it will be better to ſend any baggage you may have to the Cuſtom-houſe to be plumbed: this will prevent any farther ſearch through the Emperor's dominions—It is neceſſary to give the officer who ſearches your things (or rather whoſe office it is to ſearch them) a trifle; that is, if there are one or two trunks, a couple of eſcalins, and ſo in proportion. The ſervants at Oſtend, as well as in other parts of Flanders, are generally very impoſing;

and

and a ſtranger is very much at a loſs to know how to ſatisfy them: If you ſtay one night at an hotel, it will be quite ſufficient to give three eſcalins to be divided amongſt the ſervants: at Oſtend, you would give an eſcalin extra to the waiter, who acts as a kind of *Lacquey de Place* to you, and attends your ſervant and baggage to the Cuſtom-Houſe. At moſt of the hotels there is a kind of under waiter, who runs of your errands, cleans your ſhoes, and ſtands in your way: there is a man at Baylis's in this capacity, who particularly attracted our attention; he ſpeaks no language but Flemiſh: from the time of company entering the hotel, to that of their leaving it, he ſticks as cloſe to them as if he ſought an aſylum againſt the injuſtice of ſome oppreſſor; his attention to you proceeds not, however, from his fears of any other, but of yourſelf; he is apprehen-

five that amidſt the hurry and buſtle of providing for your farther entrance into the country, you may poſſibly forget that he is *a votre ſervice*—we were two in company at Oſtend, and I am convinced that during our ſtay he did not keep his eyes off us two minutes. The landlady informed us, that if we did not give him ſomething, he would follow us as far as Bruges. At dinner time, previous to our leaving Oſtend, he kept cloſe to our chairs, nor could he, without much and repeated importunities, be prevailed on to go and eat his dinner, from an apprehenſion that in the interim we might eſcape. The moment we opened the parlour door, Peter flew like lightning to us, and with that forcible expreſſion which the eloquence of the eyes conveyed, looked for an eſcalin, or perhaps only a plaket; he however received the former, and his face, from being the

picture

picture of uncertainty and ſuſpence, wore immediately the ſmile of joy and gaiety. The avarice of this poor fellow occupied my thoughts during the whole of my paſſage through the town—many, I fear, like him, ſacrifice the happineſs of their lives to the vain deſire of poſſeſſing that, which, when obtained, is incapable of procuring real content. To an avaricious mind, wiſh will ever ſucceed wiſh, and the gratification of one, will only heighten the anxiety for another—Hurried away by the impetuous torrent of the moſt deſpicable of all paſſions, they are cut off perhaps in the very moment when they vainly imagined they had almoſt reached the goal of felicity :—I ought to apologize for this digreſſion, as I am well aware how generally a received opinion it is, that to moralize is to preach.

From

From Oſtend to Bruges is called eleven miles, though I am convinced it cannot be leſs than fourteen or fifteen; you may go by land, and for two crowns may get a very good voiture: the cheapeſt, and (in my opinion) the moſt pleaſant way of going, is in a veſſel called a track-ſcoot, very much reſembling our Lord Mayor's barge. In Flanders they are extremely elegant, and ſtored with proviſions and refreſhments of all kinds for the uſe and convenience of paſſengers; they are drawn by two horſes, and go at the rate of only between three and four miles an hour. The track-ſcoot ſets off at a conſiderable diſtance from your hotel; there is a boat which will convey yourſelf and things to it —I rather choſe to walk, and ſent my ſervant in the boat, with my baggage. The boatman will have two ſols for each paſſenger, (maſter or ſervant) and for your baggage

baggage according to the quantity of it, though for an eſcalin they will not object to any weight. In the track-ſcoot you pay for your paſſage ten ſols; for trunks (portmanteaus and parcels they have no right to charge you for) ſix ſols each. The track-ſcoot ſets off at nine o'clock in the morning, and at two in the afternoon. There is a very handſome private room below deck, in which the company retire to drink tea or coffee, and play at cards. On a Friday there are charity children who are allowed to beg of the paſſengers; they come on board, and rattle their box, firſt to ſtrangers, and then to the other paſſengers, all but the prieſts, whom they never aſk for any thing, from a conſciouſneſs, I ſuppoſe, that it would be in vain.

The country between Oſtend and Bruges is very flat, and conſequently no great variety

riety of proſpect. The land however is very highly cultivated, which renders its appearance not unpleaſant, as you paſs. When you get to Bruges you will find a great number of fiacres (ſimilar to our hackney coaches) ready to receive you, and your things, and convey them to the inn, for which if you pay the driver three eſcalins (though he will demand as much more) it will be quite ſufficient. When you land you will find a great number of very officious men, who are ready to help your ſervants to convey the baggage to the fiacre you have hired, as alſo to eaſe you of part of it, if you have not your eye upon them. I would recommend to all travellers to give ſtrict orders to their ſervants not to permit them to touch any thing; if you have, however, need of aſſiſtance, I would recommend you to ſelect one whoſe phiſiognomy bears ſome marks of honeſty

in

in it. When I landed at Bruges, not leſs than half a dozen of theſe troubleſome fellows flocked about me, and began troubling my ſervant with their intereſted officiouſneſs. Two men at a time ſeized hold of my trunk, as many more of my portmanteau, and ſo on. I endeavoured at firſt to ſtop them by acquainting them that I had no need of their aſſiſtance; they perſiſted however in their importunities, ſo I gave up the point. All of them together demanded a reward of me for their trouble—I gave to none of them, and, by this means, they all went away equally diſcontented, and grumbling. Juſt as you enter the town, you paſs through a row of very fine trees, which at the duſk of the evening form a moſt romantic pictureſque ſcene. When you come to the gates you will be ſtopped by the centinel, who will aſk you if you have any contraband goods;

I was

I was alſo queſtioned if I was in any military ſervice, as during the late fracas between the Emperor and the Dutch, ſeveral French officers, who were paſſing through Flanders in their way to join Count Maillebois, were ſtopped by order of the Emperor, and more than one of them, as I was informed, ſent into the ranks of the German army. When you enter

BRUGES,

You find an irregular, old, ill built town; the ſtreets narrow and dirty, and the houſes to appearance nearly allied to poverty and wretchedneſs; yet wretched as it now appears to be, Charles the Second of England, during his exile, contrived to ſpend ſeveral very happy months here; and I ſhall always look with a kind of grateful veneration on a place, which afforded him a pleaſant

a pleaſant and ſafe aſylum, at a period when the power and threats of Cromwell had awed moſt of the potentates of Europe into an inſenſibility to his misfortunes, which diſgraced them, not only as ſovereigns, but as men.

Bruges poſſeſſes at this moment as good a foreign trade as moſt cities in Flanders. It is the ſee of a biſhop. The markets are extremely well ſupplied, and the people appear chearful and happy. It was formerly famous for the herring trade, which was firſt cultivated by the inhabitants of this place. Flemiſh is the language generally ſpoken here, and except at the inns, you will hardly find any who can ſpeak French. I would recommend all travellers to the Hotel de Commerce, which is much the beſt inn at Bruges, and the accommodations by no means either

either bad or extravagant. Here, as all the way from Oſtend to Bruſſels, you ſit in your bed-chamber, which is generally very large and commodious. The wines in moſt parts of the Netherlands are not very good. The *Vin du Rhin* is generally the beſt; till you get as far as Bruſſels, the *Vin de Bourgogne* is but indifferent; for the former you generally pay three or four eſcalins a bottle, for the latter five. The price however varies at different places. At Bruges they gave us a hot ſupper of two courſes, for which we paid four ſkelins each. From Bruges (after having walked round the town, for curioſities there are none to ſee) I took again the track-ſcoot for Ghent, and went with my baggage in a fiacre to it, for which, as before, I paid three ſkelins.* When you get to the ſide of

* I ſhall from this time uſe the word *ſkelin* for *eſcalin*, it being commonly pronounced ſo.

of the canal, you will ſee an impudent fellow, who will (though you ſtand in no need of his aſſiſtance) help your ſervants to convey the baggage from the fiacre to the track-ſcoot, and after he has done it, will demand a ſkelin for troubling you. If you give him a plaket, it will be more than he deſerves; as if you were to reward him according to his merit, you would undoubtedly give him for his impudence *un coup de pied*. The company in the ſcoots are not always of the very beſt; but to a man who travels to ſee the manners and cuſtoms of the people, as alſo the different curioſities in the places through which he paſſes, a track-ſcoot is by no means either an unpleaſant, or ineligible mode of conveyance.—You dine on board (as it is paſt nine o'clock before you ſet off) and pay each fifteen ſols for a very good dinner. For your paſſage you pay

ſixteen ſols, and for trunks, as before.—The diſtance from Bruges to Ghent is twenty-four miles and upwards, and you do not reach it till near four in the afternoon.—On each ſide as you go the banks of the river are covered with the thickeſt verdure—a row of tall trees decorate the tops, and the fields, which be cloſe to them, are well cultivated, and looked chearful—all the way we went I could not help reflecting on the peculiar advantages this country enjoys over every other in point of commerce, lying in the centre of Europe, interſected by rivers, formed in a moſt particular manner for inland navigation; poſſeſſing likewiſe harbours and ports moſt conveniently ſituated for foreign commerce.—All the Netherlands were formerly under the Government of the Houſe of Burgundy—in the ſixteenth century it paſſed to that of Auſtria, by the marriage of Mary, daughter

ter of Charles the Bold, to Maximilian, ſon of Frederic the Third.

The inhabitants of the Netherlands have been always famous for an earneſt preſervation of their particular rights and privileges—one would have imagined that the ſudden transfer of power from the Burgundian to the Auſtrian line, would have (if it had not created any ferment or oppoſition) introduced ſome alteration in the manners and cuſtoms of the country, ſo apt are we to ape the cuſtoms and faſhions of our ſuperiors; no ſuch thing was however the caſe—not the moſt ſimple transfer of ſtock from one individual to another, could create leſs buſtle, than this moſt important transfer of ſovereignty from one houſe to another. The Flemings had always preſerved with the moſt jealous attention, thoſe moſt invaluable rights and

privileges which they poſſeſſed above moſt other nations in Europe. The ſtates were in reality always ſovereigns, whilſt they permitted a prince to wear the cypher of royalty. There cannot be a greater inſtance of the power, as well as independency of the Flemings, than their ſeizing Maximilian, who came armed into Bruges with a number of attendants, and confining him in the caſtle, nor would they releaſe him, till he had taken an oath to preſerve inviolate the laws and cuſtoms of the ſtates.

When the track-ſcoot reaches Ghent, you ſee, as at Bruges, ſeveral fiacres ready to convey your baggage, and the price ſimilar.

GHENT,

GHENT,

Is the capital of Flanders—It is ſituated on four navigable rivers—much of the ground within the walls conſiſts of fields and gardens.—This was generally the winter quarters of the foot during the war of 1740—a great number of the Engliſh lie buried here, whom the climate did not agree with.—In the *Grand Marché* is the ſtatue of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, who received his birth in the caſtle here. This city is alſo famous for having given birth to the famous John of Gaunt, ſon of Edward the Third.—Ghent ſuffered very much by famine in 1587, having buried in one week not leſs than three thouſand of its inhabitants.—In the year 1576 was held in this city the famous Confederacy of the States, well known under the title

of the Pacification of Ghent, which united the provinces in the moſt laſting union of intereſt and laws, and which indeed was chiefly owing to the unremitted and ſtrenuous endeavours of William the firſt Prince of Orange, to whom may be attributed the preſent independence of the United States.

In Ghent the woollen manufactories flouriſhed long before this branch of trade was known to the Engliſh, from whom the Flemings bought their wool.—There are alſo ſome ſilk and linen manufactures, and a very briſk trade is kept up for corn, for which the ſituation of this city is remarkably well calculated.—Ghent was ſeized by the French on the death of Charles the Second of Spain in the name of the Duke of Anjou, but it ſurrendered to Charles the Third immediately after the victory

that

that monarch obtained over the French at Ramillies in 1706. Two years afterwards the French contrived to get poſſeſſion of it again, the Duke of Marlborough however very ſhortly retook it; and it has ever ſince remained in poſſeſſion of the Houſe of Auſtria.—There are ſome few curioſities to be ſeen here which deſerve the attention of ſtrangers, as the Cathedral—the Town Houſe—the Church, and Monaſtery of St. Peter, and the New Priſon.—To ſee theſe I would recommend you to take a *Lacquey de Place*, who will be glad to attend you to them all for two ſkelins. The cathedral is a fine old Gothick building, containing within it ſome moſt excellent Paintings, amongſt which are—

The famous picture of St. Sebaſtian, the tutelary Saint of Ghent—an Engliſh nobleman, a great connoiſſeur in paintings, of-

fered for it as much gold as would cover it.

The Reſurrection of our Lord, by Autelvin.

St. John's Head in a Charger, by Croyer —The blood guſhing from the neck very naturally, and the countenance of Herodias betraying the enjoyment of the higheſt luxury of revenge; a moſt beautiful ſpaniel at the ſame time licking the hand of St. John.

Our Saviour taken from the Croſs—Vandyke.

A marble ſtatue of the Biſhop of Ghent —Van Eerſel.

Two ditto of St. Peter and St. Paul—ditto.

Ditto

Ditto St. Bavo in the attitude of addreſſing the people—The marble of all theſe three ſtatues is extremely delicate.——Dans la Chapelle de Notre Dame is a marble ſtatue of Anthony De Noot, Biſhop of Ghent —the drapery is beyond conception elegant, and the whole piece of ſculpture moſt exquiſitely beautiful.—Your conductor informs you (you muſt make him ſome allowance) that it coſt 200000 florins, more I ſuppoſe than any ten ſtatues in Flanders —In the ſame chapel are the following paintings:

Our Saviour on the Croſs—Croyer.

His deſcent from the Croſs—Gerard Van Horſt—This is a very capital picture—the countenances of two boys crying, highly expreſſive of the ſorrow and amaze they felt on the occaſion.

The

The Biſhop of Ghent giving his benediction to the Emperor Charles the Fifth.

Theſe are a few amongſt a very great number of paintings and ſtatues in the cathedral.—To travellers who have only a couple of hours to ſpare in Ghent, I would recommend to ſpend one of them in the cathedral, where they will be very much entertained. The marble in every part of the church is remarkably tranſparent and fine, and the altar-pieces of the different chapels, eſpecially of Notre Dame and D'Eveque are ſplendid beyond deſcription —There are a pair of candleſticks on the great altar of the cathedral of very curious workmanſhip—they are of the fillagree kind, immenſely large, yet light and elegant. The man who ſhews you the cathedral will expect two ſkelins for his trouble, and

if

if the party is ever ſo large it will ſatisfy him. The Town-houſe is the next place I would adviſe you to viſit—The building appears modern, and is but on a ſmall ſcale. The Burgomaſters and Schepens all meet here to tranſact the buſineſs of the town—In the different rooms you are ſhewn ſome very tolerable pictures, amongſt which are the following: viz.

The Emperor, by Macre.

The Emperor's mother, by Vacoer of Bruges.

Maria Chriſtina, ſiſter to the Emperor, by ditto.

Prince Eugene—Croyer.

Prince D'Aremberg—Baillut.

Prince of Saxony—Ditto.

Charles

Charles the Fifth crowned by the Pope —Croyer.

In the cavalcade chamber are the pictures of Charles the Fifth, and of Maximilian, both by Croyer.

The Emperor Joſeph in the dreſs he wore when he lately paid this place a viſit —Lyon

Maximilian, when a youth.

A Cavalcade, by Rubens.

Ditto—Painter unknown.

Theſe are the chief pictures, in my opinion, worth your attention—There are a vaſt number more, but none very capital—you will give the man who ſhews you the rooms a ſkelin, and he will think himſelf much obliged to you. The Church and Monaſtery

Monaſtery of St. Peter, I would next recommend to your notice—In the firſt are two or three very tolerable pictures, as

Our Saviour on the Croſs.

His Aſcenſion.

The Aſcenſion of the Virgin Mary.

St. John the Baptiſt.

The church itſelf is not at all elegant, either without or within.—It was during divine ſervice that I happened to go in, and a prieſt was preaching in Flemiſh to a very ſlender, though attentive audience.—In the monaſtery of St. Pierre, is a moſt elegant library, well filled with books in all languages—The room is very ſpacious, and has a grand appearance as you enter it—that which, however, will moſt attract

your

your admiration, and moſt deſerves it, is the ceiling, above half of which is painted by Rubens—There are alſo ſome good paintings round the room by very capital maſters—The perſon who ſhews it you will expect a ſkelin. On St. Peter's Hill, cloſe by the church, I obſerved a large pole, ſtanding high in the air, at the top of which was a kind of ſmall ladder, and on the ſteps ſeveral birds were placed as marks for the expert in bow ſhooting—The archer who knocks the top bird off, has the capital prize, which is in general a cup of ſilver, or other ſmall piece of plate. This is an encouragement to the young men to render themſelves proficients in this ſcience. —I obſerved that the encouragement of archery, and the exerciſe of the croſs-bow, was not confined to this place, but in general prevailed throughout the Netherlands—Indeed it is not till within theſe very few years that

that archery has entirely grown into diſuſe in England; Barrington, in the ſeventh volume of his Archæologia, mentions, that in the reign of Queen Anne, General Oglethorpe, who is at preſent living,* the Duke of Rutland, and ſeveral other noblemen and gentlemen, uſed frequently to ſhoot with the croſs-bow in the neighbourhood of London; yet I do not find, either from this, or any other author, that ſince the reign of the unhappy Charles the Firſt, archery was greatly encouraged in England. In proportion to the encouragement of arts and ſciences, the more robuſt and manly exerciſes decreaſed—the warrior gave way to the artiſt; and the diſſolute reign of the ſecond Charles, extended its influence ſo far over the kingdom, as to introduce that extenſive ſpirit of luxury, that effeminacy

* The General died ſince this narrative was wrote.

effeminacy of manners, which bid adieu to every manly warlike exerciſe. His father was remarkably fond of archery, patronized the ſcience, and more than once proſecuted thoſe who ſhewed themſelves enemies to it by ſhutting up the grounds before open for that uſe.—It is truly ridiculous to read, in the hiſtory of the Netherlands, the motley croud of kings, queens, noblemen, and even biſhops, who took a pride in ſhewing their dexterity in this art. A ſociety of archers, under the title of the Grand Aſſociation, exiſted at Bruſſels in the ſixteenth century, who carried in great triumph through the ſtreets, the ſeveral princes of their aſſociation, who were ſo termed, by being fortunate enough to hit the bird off from the place on which it was fixed, and by this means evinced their ſkill in archery. Amongſt this number were the Infanta Iſabella, Duke of Parma,

Parma, Elector of Bavaria, the Archduke Leopold, the Emperor Charles the Fifth, and though laſt, not leaſt in dignity, Robert de Croy, Archbiſhop of Cambray, who did not think his epiſcopal dignity diſgraced, by bringing down a bird, which was placed on the tower of the Wollendries; nor diſdained to be carried in triumph and proclaimed king of the ſociety, and in addition to this wore a gold collar, on which was inſcribed the occaſion of the gift, and which on all public occaſions their kings took every opportunity to diſplay.

I have now finiſhed my obſervations on archery, and the abſurdities which formerly accompanied that ſcience; I ſhall now therefore proceed in my tour.—The laſt place I would recommend to the notice of travellers is the new priſon called *La*

Maiſon de Force; it has been newly erected at the expence of the States of Auſtrian Flanders—It is a very fine octagon building, the rooms are neat, and kept in moſt excellent order; offenders are committed here for a regular period, but never as I could learn for life—You will give the keeper a ſkelin for his trouble in ſhewing you the different wards, &c.

'I have now finiſhed my obſervations on the different curioſities of the place—As an hotel I would recommend that of St. Sebaſtian, near the parade—I think it by much the beſt hotel in Flanders—The maſter is an active buſy little fellow, runs up and down in his waiſtcoat, his hair dreſſed to the extremity of the faſhion—He accommodates you moſt excellently, and not extravagantly—You are given two courſes and a deſert both dinner and ſupper, and he charges you

you five ſkelins each.—In moſt of the inns kept by Frenchmen, you will find a ſervant who is a ſuperintendant on the reſt, who, on your quitting the houſe, will ſtand at the door of your carriage; if you have been there a night (however large your party may be) give him two ſkelins, and it will be quite ſufficient—You need not give to any of the other ſervants—I have forgot to mention, that on one of the bridges your *Lacquey de Place* will ſhew you two large braſs images, which repreſent a father and ſon, both of whom being condemned to die for ſome offence againſt the ſtate, the ſon was offered pardon, on condition he would be the executioner of his father. He at firſt reſolutely denied accepting the dreadful alternative; at laſt, however, overcome by the tears and intreaties of his father, he conſented to adopt the fatal means of recovering his life and liberty—He lifted the axe,

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but in the attempt to ſtrike the blow, it dropped from his hand—the hopes even of life and liberty, ſunk beneath the dearer intereſt of filial affection. The ſtatue repreſents him in the act of ſtriking the blow. —They were both afterwards pardoned. From the Hotel St. Sebaſtian you have a view of the parade, where the ſoldiers of the garriſon exerciſe night and morning—there were no leſs than five thouſand men in garriſon when I was there; they are in general very ſtrong healthy fellows, in their dreſs very clean, and wearing long whiſkers, make really a warlike appearance.

From Ghent to Bruſſels there is no conveyance by water—A diligence ſets off every morning at nine o'clock, for which you pay eight ſkelins a place—the company however are generally ſo very indifferent, that if you are two or three in company, I would adviſe

viſe you take a voiture, which will ſet you down at Bruſſels for five crowns; if however you have a great deal of luggage, they will inſiſt on your taking four horſes, for which you pay double, and this will juſtify me in adviſing travellers to take with them as little baggage as poſſible, for excluſive of its being liable to be loſt, as well as very inconvenient, the expence attending it is really not trifling—If you give five ſkelins to the coachman he will think himſelf handſomely paid.—In your way you bait your horſes at

ALOST,

Where you may dine if you pleaſe, and will not find very bad accommodations. This is a ſmall, but neat town, ſituated on the river Dender, between Bruſſels and Ghent, fifteen miles from each; it is conſequently

a very great thoroughfare—The inns are, conſidering the ſize of the place, not bad, and I am told moſt of them on a par.—The ſtreet, (for there is but one capital one, and that very long) wide, and the houſes very neat—indeed the whole town has a moſt cleanly appearance. Whilſt your dinner is getting ready, you will be repayed a very ſhort walk to the church of St. Martin, by the ſight of ſome pictures, by no means deſpicable. The whole church, though not ſuperb, is ſtill however ſpacious and neat—the paintings I particularly noticed were

St. Barbara beheaded, by Monſ. D'Haeſe.

St. Jacob, by Montmorenci.

Our Saviour turning the money changers out of the temple, painter unknown.

La Peſte, by Rubens, a moſt capital piece.

St. John the Baptiſt.

Our Saviour waſhing the feet of his diſciples.

St. Catherine.

All theſe are by unknown painters, and really in a very capital ſtyle, far, very far ſuperior to what any one could expect to find at ſo trifling a place as Aloſt. From Aloſt you proceed (as indeed you will find all the way from Oſtend to Bruſſels, and I may add in moſt parts of Flanders) through a moſt charming country, richly decorated at this time (Auguſt) with the gifts of Ceres, who has been moſt profuſely laviſh in her bounty to the induſtrious inhabitants of this country; never in any part of Eng-

land (not even in the environs of the metropolis) have I ſeen richer land, or in a more high ſtate of cultivation — Every field has the appearance of a garden, and I dare ſay you would find it difficult to pluck an hundred weeds from any acre of cultivated ground you ſee — In the ſame field grow corn and vegetables together— In one I obſerved potatoes, wheat, lettuces and oats, all of them poſſeſſing their little tenement, and not interfering with the other. In ſuch a country (ſtrange to relate) with ſuch advantages of ſituation, you do not find, as in England, one rich ſubſtantial farmer, yet land, for which we give in England three or four pounds an acre, does not let there for more than two crowns. In ſpite however of this advantage, the huſbandman is in general poor— It is the deprivation (or, more properly ſpeaking the want) of that bleſſing, which

makes

makes him ſo, without which life is but a burthen—need I ſay I mean liberty?—Ever under the power of his landlord, who will not permit him the indulgence of a leaſe, he is liable to be turned out of his farm, and his family reduced to beggary, by the momentary whim and caprice of (alas! too often found!) a mercileſs landlord.—Will not my countrymen allow me to exclaim—Happy, thrice happy Britons! who, born under the influence of a more free and fortunate planet, can, in whatever ſituation of life choice or deſtiny has placed you, ſit down at the cloſe of life, and enjoy the gleanings of your induſtry and frugality, fearleſs of injuſtice from a rapacious landlord; and whilſt you ſubmit to the laws of your country, to thoſe laws which have been framed by your own conſent, can look down on the attempts of unjuſt

unjuſt power, with that contempt which a conſciouſneſs of its unavailing efforts will ever inſpire.—Could but an Engliſh farmer ſee the ſituation of his brethren in the Auſtrian Netherlands, he would forget in a moment his daily complaint of heavy taxes, dearneſs of proviſions, &c. &c, and exclaim with gratitude—*Thank heaven, I am an Engliſhman!*—Need I apologize to you for this digreſſion in praiſe of our happy conſtitution?—You are too much of a patriot, I am convinced, to be diſpleaſed with my zeal.

Through moſt part of Flanders you have on each ſide of you a row of fine tall trees, which ſhade you very agreeably from the ſummer's heat; and as the country is extremely flat, does not obſtruct your proſpect much—It is very extraordinary, that the whole way you paſs from Oſtend to Bruſſels, which

which is near ſeventy miles, you ſcarce ſee one nobleman's or gentleman's ſeat—This I cannot account for, as you paſs many charming ſpots, and the country is moſt exquiſitely rich—You now and then ſee the houſe of a curè, or of ſome gentleman of ſmall fortune, but never any thing in the leaſt capital.——I now come to

BRUSSELS,

Which is a place of ſuch great conſequence, that I dare ſay you will expect to be detained here longer, than in my deſcription of any place which I have yet given you.—This city is not the capital of Brabant, as Louvaine enjoys that pre-eminence —Yet the court is held at Bruſſels, and all political and civil affairs tranſacted here. Bruſſels is ſurrounded by ſeveral great cities

—On

—On the Eaſt by Louvaine, on the north by Malines, (or Mechlin) and Antwerp, on the ſouth by Charleroy—Its ſituation is by no means unpleaſant, the air is ſoft and healthy, and the adjacent country is very flat, yet this city is built quite on uneven ground—The half of the city weſtward is built on a plain, on the ſides of the river Seine, which divides itſelf here into different branches, and forms ſeveral diſtinct iſlands—The other half towards the Eaſt is built on an hill, at a very conſiderable diſtance from the river—within theſe fourſcore years this city has changed its maſters as often as moſt cities in Europe.—In 1706 it opened its gates to the victorious army of the Allies, commanded by the great Duke of Marlborough, who took poſſeſſion of it for Charles the Third, when the Council General eſtabliſhed by Philip the Third was ſuppreſſed, and a Council of State, conſiſting

ing of ſixteen perſons, was created in its room—The Elector of Bavaria, whilſt the allied army were laying ſiege to Liſle, attacked Bruſſels; after five days he was however obliged to raiſe the ſiege on the approach of the Duke of Marlborough. — By the peace concluded at Utrecht, Bruſſels was added to the dominions of the Houſe of Auſtria, yet in 1746, after three weeks ſiege, Marſhall Saxe took it for the French, and preſerved it under the authority of France for more than three years. The treaty however of Aix La Chapelle, reſtored it again to the Houſe of Auſtria, under whoſe government it has continued ever ſince. The preſent governors and captains general of the low countries, are the Archduchess Maria Chriſtina, ſiſter of the Emperor, and the Duke Albert of Saxe Teſchen, her huſband, who in the year 1781 ſucceeded Prince Charles Alexander of Lorraine, who

died

died the preceding year, very much regretted by all ranks of men, having governed the Low Countries more than thirty years, with a moderation and attention to its intereſts, which will ever render his memory dear to the inhabitants.

This city has ſuffered greatly from fires—In 1731, the palace royal was burnt down, and the then Archducheſs narrowly eſcaped with her life. The loſs on this occaſion was very great, as ſeveral of the chef d'œuvres of Rubens were deſtroyed by the fire.—When you arrive at Bruſſels, I would recommend you to the Hotel de Belle Vue, ſo called on account of its delightful ſituation; the rooms are very large and commodious, and command a moſt pleaſant view of the park, which is a delightful walk.—Hither reſort of an evening ſome of the beſt company in the place—The park is decorated

decorated with a great number of ſtatues and buſts by Delvaux, in general very good—There were ſome which particularly attracted my attention—A Mary Magdalene by Queſnoy, and a Diana and Narciſſus by Griſſelo.—On the Eaſt ſide of the park is a Vauxhall, the proprietors of which ſell all kinds of refreſhment for the accommodation of the company—In the park is alſo the polite Comedie, where plays and pantomimes are performed two or three times a week by young boys and girls.—At the bottom of the park, where ſtands at preſent the Hotel of the Council of Brabant, formerly ſtood the houſe to which the great Charles the Fifth retired, after he had ſurrendered to his ſon Philip the ſovereignty of all his eſtates of the Houſe of Burgundy. He lived here more than ſix months, previous to his abdicating the imperial crown, and retiring to paſs the remainder of his

life

life in Spain.—At Bruſſels the table d'hotes are not in general very good ones—There is one at the Hotel d' Angleterre, and another at the Hotel Royale, but the company at both but indifferent—they charge you four ſkelins each, whereas, if you have two or more in company, you may dine at any of the hotels, at the hour moſt convenient to yourſelf, at five ſkelins a head. The number of curioſities, conſiſting of public edifices, paintings, &c. in this city are ſo numerous, that excepting I was to fill two or three volumes on the ſubject, it would be impoſſible to convey to you a clear and accurate account of them; I ſhall therefore be very brief in my obſervations, and ſhall confine my account of Bruſſels to thoſe things which particularly attracted my notice: there are ſo many books printed and ſold at Bruſſels, containing an account of its curioſities, antiquity, &c. that any traveller who

who purpoſes reſiding any time at Bruſſels, would do well to purchaſe one—To thoſe who take this city *en paſſant*, I hope the remarks I have made will not be unacceptable—I collected them with all the care in my power, and I truſt to their candour for any omiſſions I have made, or miſinformation I may ſubmit to them.

In the firſt place I would recommend the Arſenal, which is extremely well worth ſeeing. Amongſt a great number of curioſities (which the plan of my narrative prevents me from particularizing) you are ſhewn the armour of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, with the furniture of his horſe, his ſtate ſword, with which he created the Knights of the Golden Fleece. —The grand ſtandard of France, taken at the battle of Pavia—The arms of Montezuma, Emperor of Mexico—thoſe of Duke Philip the Good; alſo of the Emperor Maximilian, and of divers other great

princes and men.—Amidſt other curioſities, you are ſhewn the model of a cannon from which ſeven balls were ſent at once.—The Royal Library will next engage your attention—it is very well worth the obſervation of the literati—the manuſcripts and other books of the Duke of Burgundy were depoſited in this library, which had been ſaved from the fire in 1731. When the French were maſters of Bruſſels, great part of the library was deſtroyed, or at leaſt carried away by the officers, who, during their reſidence here, had free acceſs to it. —In 1772, however, the Empreſs Queen ordered it to be opened for the advantage of the public, appointed a librarian with a ſettled ſalary; as ſoon as this event took place Prince Charles of Lorraine, (the then Governor) and ſeveral noblemen, made conſiderable donations to the library—all the names of theſe benefactors are kept in a book,

book, conſtantly open in the library.—Within theſe eight or ten years laſt paſt the library has received a conſiderable addition from the liberality of the Emperor, ſo that it contains at preſent upwards of 40,000 vôlumes, excluſive of a vaſt collection of manuſcripts.

This library is open for the inſpection of the public all the year round on Tueſdays, Thurſdays, and Saturdays, excepting holidays—The literati tell you that there are in this library ſome very valuable books, as well as manuſcripts; excluſive however of the collection, which is by no means ſtriking to the eye, the building is but very indifferent, and the entrance ſo bad, as would not induce you to pay it a ſecond viſit.—The Academy of Sciences and Belle Lettres hold their meetings in the grand hall of the Royal Library.—There are many pri-

vate collections of Books in Bruſſels, as thoſe of the Dukes D'Aremberg, and D'Urſel; of Meſſieurs Walkiers, Santonder, and of other private gentlemen.—Moſt of theſe private collections are arranged with very great taſte, and the poſſeſſors of them take a pleaſure in ſhewing them both to ſtrangers and the curious. There are alſo a great number of cabinets of pictures, in the poſſeſſion of private gentlemen, as thoſe of Meſſrs. Danoot, D'Horion, Panwell, Donchers, &c.—Monſ. Del Marmol has a beautiful collection of drawings and prints —Monſ. Walkiers, of St. Amand, poſſeſſes a moſt complete and valuable ſet of mathematical inſtruments, and ſeveral electrical machines, on an entire new conſtruction. When you have ſeen theſe things, I would conduct you to the palace, the contents of which will amply reward you for the trouble of viſiting it—The rooms are

fitted

fitted up in a ſtile much ſuperior to any palace in England—The only one which in the leaſt can vie with it in point of elegance, in furniture, and taſte, is Carleton Houſe, the reſidénce of the Prince of Wales. —The man who conducts you through the different apartments is only remarkable for the length of his queue, which reaches down to his waiſt, and not much for the information he affords you—He ſpeaks French very well, almoſt as faſt as he walks; with reſpect to the latter, he has been ſo accuſtomed to it of late, that it is with difficulty you can keep up with him; he hurries you ſo faſt from one room to another, that it is impoſſible you can pay the attention you would wiſh to the beauties of each particular piece of painting or ſculpture—I curbed my conductor as much as poſſible in the extravagance of his hurry, yet I had not time enough to make all the

obſervations I could have wiſhed—Amongſt the moſt beautiful paintings are the following—

Moſes preſented to Pharaoh; the countenance of the infant ſtrongly expreſſive of innocence and meekneſs.

Mount Veſuvius.

Solomon crowning the Queen of Sabœa.

The Emperor's father and mother.

In the council chamber there are ſeveral very excellent paintings, one in particular of the family of Hector; the countenance of Andromache full of that ſweetneſs and amiable ſenſibility ſo peculiar to the character; Aſtyanax looks even more lovely than the immortal poet of Greece has painted him. The helmet of Hector is extremely well done, and brings to your mind

mind the laſt parting between Hector and his family, where Pope ſo finely expreſſes the terror of the child at the ſight of his father's helmet, in the following beautiful lines, which I will hazard the cenſure of critics in pronouncing even ſuperior to the original.

——— " Th' illuſtrious chief of Troy
" Stretched his fond arms to claſp the lovely boy,
" The babe clang crying to its nurſe's breaſt,
" Scar'd at the dazzling helm and nodding creſt;
" With ſecret pleaſure each fond parent ſmil'd,
" And Hector haſted to relieve his child;
" The glittering terrors from his brows unbound,
" And placed the beaming helmet on the ground.

The countenance of Hector, agitated by the (alas! too often) adverſe emotions of glory and affection, is moſt ſtrongly expreſſed by the pencil of this artiſt. There are alſo two other pictures, one of the Virgin Mary and our Saviour; the other of

the late Prince Charles. In the dreſſing room of the Archducheſs is a moſt beautiful clock, of ſo curious a conſtruction as to play any leſſon or tune to which it is ſet. —In other rooms you ſee the portraits of the Queen of France, alſo of the Queen of Naples, both of them in the ſtile of Vandyke—A Turkiſh Embaſſador making a moſt ſplendid entrance into Naples. There are a vaſt number of other pictures, ſome of which are extremely good; to particularize them all, however, would be exceeding the bounds I have preſcribed to this narrative. I have omitted to give the names of the different maſters, as it was not in my power to obtain them, and I ſhould not think myſelf juſtified in hazarding opinion, or conjecture, on the ſubject. Moſt of the rooms in the palace overlook the city, and I cannot ſay the proſpect from any of them is very delightful. The outſide of the building

building is nothing very remarkable—It is built of fine white ſtone. From the palace it is not far to the cathedral church of St. Michael and St. Gudule—This is a fine old Gothick building, the front is very grand, and the church from its ſituation is a moſt beautiful ornament to the city; the pillars which ſupport the roof are lofty and elegant, againſt each is a ſtatue ten feet in height—The ſubjects are our Saviour, the Virgin Mary, and the Apoſtles—The artiſts are Van Delen, Arnold Quellin, Van Milder, Jerome du Queſnoy, Faidherbe, &c. There are no leſs than ſixteen chapels in this church, and ſome very capital pictures in all of them; I have ſelected ſome which pleaſed me moſt.—Oppoſite to the chapel of St. Sacrament des Miracles, are four pictures; the firſt is painted by G. Kerrick, and repreſents Abraham proſtrate at the feet of the Angel who came to viſit him—The

ſecond

ſecond by Philip de Hondt, ſhews the victory which Don John of Auſtria obtained over the French before Valenciennes in 1656—The third painted by the Sieur Cortens, repreſents Albert and Iſabella, offering a triple crown of gold, enriched with pearls and precious ſtones, to cover the altar of St. Sacrament des Miracles. The fourth is James Boonen, Archbiſhop of Malines, faſtening a conſecrated hoſt to a croſs made of a piece of the true croſs —This is painted by Duperi.—In the ſame chapel is a picture of our Saviour preſenting the keys of paradiſe to St. Peter, which is reckoned amongſt the chef d'œuvres of Rubens; the colours are almoſt as freſh as if they juſt came out of the painter's hands—Alſo one of our Saviour leaning at Supper on the neck of the diſciple whom he loved, by Coxie—A Reſurrection by D'Otto Venius, and an Aſſumption of the Virgin Mary,

Mary, by Champagne. In the year 1650 were depoſited in the veſtry room of this chapel, by the Archduke Leopold, Governor General, and James Boonen, Archbiſhop of Malines, executors to the will of Iſabella, the precious relicks of the cabinet of that pious princeſs; amongſt others was a bit (as you are informed) of the true croſs of our Saviour, which Florent, the third Count of Holland, is ſaid to have obtained in the Holy Land during the Cruſades, and which the Archbiſhop of Philippi (who was at that time the apoſtolical vicar of the Low Countries) had preſented to the Archducheſs and her huſband. In the ſight of this moſt valuable morceau of antiquity and religious ſuperſtition, the public (I know not for what reaſon) are not at preſent indulged.—In the chapel of *Notre Dame de Deliverance* are two monuments, one of Count Iſenberg, executed

executed by Verſpoel.—On the ſides of the tomb are two military figures, which ſeem to ſupport him.—This nobleman was miniſter to Philip the Fourth of Spain.—The ſecond is of Philip Francis D'Emetiéres, privy counſellor to Albert, by Van Delen. In the chapel of St. Eloi you ſee a picture of Croyer—It is our Saviour holding the croſs in his hand; at his feet are the four penitents, David, St. Peter, Mary Magdalene, and the good Malefactor.—Oppoſite the chapel of Notre Dame is the monument of Anne Schotten, of Louvain, and above is her picture, which is amongſt the moſt precious morceaus of Vandyke, and may with juſtice be ſtiled one of his chef d'œuvres. In the church are ſeveral buſts of St. Barbara, St. Sebaſtian, &c. &c.—Before you leave this church, which really merits your attention, I would recommend the pulpit

to

to your notice; it is one of the richeſt, and of the moſt exquiſitely neat workmanſhip I ever beheld; it is the performance of Henry Verbruggen, of Antwerp, who made it in the year 1699 for the Jeſuits of Louvain; when that order was ſuppreſſed, the Empreſs Queen gave it to the church of St. Gudule—at the bottom of the pulpit you ſee Adam and Eve, as large as life, repreſented as at the moment the angel drove them out of Paradiſe; in her hand is the fatal apple (which I know not for what reaſon, was fixed on as the fruit tempting our firſt parents to ſin) and in both their countenance you read the ſtrongeſt traits of a mind diſturbed with anguiſh and remorſe —Over the hand of Eve is a figure of Death, which follows them; and on the top of the pulpit you ſee the figures of our Saviour and the Virgin Mary bruiſing the head of the Serpent; all of oak wood,

and

and is, in my opinion, the moſt curious pulpit I ever ſaw in a church. The next place I would adviſe you to viſit is the chapel of *Notre Dame dans la haute rue*—It is really a fine old building—the pillars are adorned with the ſtatues of our Saviour, the Virgin Mary, and the twelve Apoſtles —Moſt of them are executed by Fiterbe, though two or three boaſt the maſterly hand of Queſnoy—The altar piece is of marble, and executed after the deſign of Rubens —The picture over the altar, repreſenting the Aſſumption of the Virgin Mary, is but a copy from that eminent maſter Rubens, the original having been ſold to the Elector Palatine for a very conſiderable ſum, which went to repair in part the damage done by the bombardment of Bruſſels in 1695. In this chapel are the mauſoleums of the houſes of Croy and Spinola—the former merits your particular notice—

The

The principal ornament of this mauſoleum is a group of three figures, repreſenting a Woman, Fame, and Time—The latter is a moſt precious morſel of ſculpture, and very highly eſteemed by connoiſſeurs — This group is all of black marble, the reſt of the mauſoleum veined—this is the work of the famous Plumiers—You ſee in this chapel the tomb of the noted artiſt Breugel de Velour; underneath it is a picture which they attribute to Rubens, and is very much in his ſtile—the ſubject is our Saviour giving the keys to St. Peter—There are two or three capital pictures done by Croyer, one repreſents our Saviour on his knees to his mother, St. John, the Magdalene, and Nicodemus. This picture has a great deal of force and energy; round the walls are ſeveral paintings, as the martyrdom of St. Lawrence, by Janſſens—Our Saviour in the Garden of Olives, by Bernard, and ſeveral others, by no means indifferent.

The

The Maiſon de Ville is the laſt place, and though laſt, yet not leaſt worthy your notice—The building is Gothick, and has a moſt magnificent appearance; it has a kind of ſteeple (or more properly a tower) more than 360 feet high, at the top of which is a brazen ſtatue of St. Michael—All the apartments are ſpacious and lofty, each has its particular uſe—you arrive at all the apartments by a noble gallery—In the room where the States of Brabant aſſemble, are ſix very good portraits of the Dukes of Brabant, painted by C. Grange; there are alſo ſeveral fine pieces of tapeſtry ſhewn you, the ſubjects of which are taken from the hiſtory of Clovis, and have been woven after a deſign of Le Brun's. In the different rooms, among other things, you are ſhewn the following, viz.—a cieling, on which is painted, by Janſſens, the three members

members which compoſe the States of Brabant, the clergy, nobility, and what is termed the third ſtate—Over the chimney is a painting which repreſents an infant in a cradle; who this infant was I was not able to diſcover; your conductor however informs you that a ſight of this cradle rouſed the courage and reſentment of the Brabaneons, and that after an obſtinate engagement, which laſted three days, againſt the united forces of the Lords of Grimberghe and Malines, they gained a moſt complete, though dear-bought victory; ſo that we may naturally conclude, that the infant in this cradle was the child of ſome eminent patriot, who had moſt probably bled in the cauſe of his country—You are alſo ſhewn a portrait of Maximilian of Auſtria—

One of Mary of Burgundy.

Prince Charles of Lorraine, by Lens.

A picture repreſenting the Maid of Orleans doing homage to Charles the Sixth.

A full length portrait of the preſent Emperor Joſeph, by Herreyns.

The late Empreſs Queen, by Millé.

Philip the ſecond by Van Orley.

Theſe are, I think, all the pictures particularly good. There are a great number more, as alſo ſome engravings, none however very capital. This is the laſt place I would point out for the inſpection of thoſe who viſit Bruſſels. There are ſeveral priſons here, which on account of the regularity and order preſerved in them, are viſited by ſome ſtrangers—The church of the Jeſuits is at preſent ſhut up, ſince the ſuppreſſion

preſſion of this order it has never been uſed —This church was built after the deſign of that famous architect Franquart—it has by much the moſt magnificent outward appearance of any church at Bruſſels—within it is beautifully finiſhed and ornamented. —By this time they have moſt likely converted it into a public library for the reception of the Bibliotheque Royale, as alſo into apartments for the Academy of Sciences and Belle Lettres, that being the intention of government when I was laſt at Bruſſels.

I have not mentioned as yet the douceur it is the cuſtom to beſtow on the ſeveral attendants at each place you viſit—They are in general ſo much alike, that it would have been tedious, as well as unneceſſary, to mention them to each—Two ſkelins will be ſufficient to ſatisfy your conductor, if he is willing to be ſo; and if you ſhould chance

to meet with an uncivil one (a thing by no means rare) one ſkelin will be enough to give him. There are ſome private collections of medals, minerals, &c. which to the curious in theſe branches of ſcience, are worth ſeeing.

I have now finiſhed my obſervations on the public edifices, curioſities, &c. of Bruſſels; I ſhall, however, beg leave to detain you a little longer, in giving you ſome ſmall account of the government of this city.

The magiſtracy of Bruſſels is compoſed of the following officers:

Two under the title of Amman and Lieutenant Amman.

A Burgomaſter.*

Seven Echevins; or Schepens. *

* Both theſe magiſtrates have ſettled ſalaries for diſcharging the duties of their office.

Two

Two Treaſurers.

A Superintendant of the Canals.

Two Penſionaries, and ſeveral other inferior officers.

The Amman is the firſt of theſe officers in point of conſequence, who form the municipal corps of the city. He is named, (as is alſo the Lieutenant Amman) by the Sovereign—They are generally of noble extraction, and muſt be natives of Brabant. —Theſe two officers ſpeak and act in the name of the Sovereign, as Lords of Bruſſels —Their office is to take care that none of the rights and privileges of ſovereignty are invaded, and that the other officers who compoſe the magiſtracy, do their duty in their ſeveral ſtations, and no order of the magiſtrates can be executed without their permiſſion; every thing which regards the police of the city, comes under their cog-

nizance; and though the other magiſtrates have it in their power to make any alterations or rules which they may think neceſſary for the better government of the city, yet they will not have the force of laws, unleſs aſſented to by the Amman and Lieutenant Amman.—In all public ceremonies, the Amman is at the head of the magiſtrates, and on theſe occaſions is attended by three or four halberdiers—When the Amman is abſent, his Lieutenant preſides in his room, and exerts an equal power, but when he is preſent has none at all. The Burgomaſter, the ſeven Schepens, two Treaſurers, and Superintendant of the Canals, are all named by the Sovereign, who is obliged to chooſe them out of ſeven Patrician families, the deſcendants of noble families, who eight or nine centuries ſince had each their caſtle at Bruſſels—The deſcendants in the female line have an equal title with thoſe in the male—

male—On a particular day (ſome time I think about the feſtival of St. John) the magiſtrates in office aſſemble, and chooſe from each of theſe families three, whom they preſent either to the Sovereign or the Governor General for his approbation; it is however in the power of the Sovereign either to continue the preſent magiſtrates, or to elect others—When this laſt is his pleaſure, he ſelects out of the one-and-twenty who are preſented to him by the magiſtracy as many as he choſes, and ſends his nomination to the Amman, who, aſſembling the reſt of the magiſtrates, reads to them the will of their Sovereign—When the magiſtracy are compoſed, they chuſe afterwards from the whole body of the Bourgeois a Burgomaſter, ſix Counſellors, a Receiver for the City, and one for the Canals. Theſe officers repreſent the Bourgeois, and are united to the magiſtracy when the Prince

attempts any innovation, or makes a demand, which may effect the States. The magiſtrates are the judges in civil and criminal affairs, as well as in all which regard the police—They are alſo judges of appeal in civil cauſes, yet the appeal may be carried up always to the Council of Brabant—In criminal caſes, however, there is no appeal from the magiſtracy.—In default of any particular laws of the Prince, or of cuſtom, (which is too apt in moſt countries to have the force of laws) the Roman law is in general had recourſe to—In commercial affairs, they conform to the cuſtoms of other towns of the Low Countries, and of France and Holland.—Laws relative to criminals have varied much, according to the ſituation of the country, and the neceſſity of lenient or rigid meaſures. All the laws given by the Sovereign are called Placards.—As Bruſſels is in the Dioceſe of Malines,

Malines, the Archbiſhop has an official who holds an eccleſiaſtical court here. All cenſures of eccleſiaſtical writings, and judgments in conſequence of them, belong to the Fiſcal Counſellor of Brabant, to whom is joined an eccleſiaſtic prepared by the Archbiſhop of Malines—The Bourgeois of the city form ten companies, who have each a commanding officer—There are alſo five more companies in the city called *Les Sermen*—All theſe ſubmit to the orders of the magiſtracy, and are liable at all times to be called out by them—Every inhabitant who wiſhes to be admitted a Bourgeois of the city, preſents a petition to the magiſtracy, he is ſeldom rejected, though it coſts him a ſmall ſum of money—yet to exerciſe any trade or profeſſion, it is neceſſary not only to be a Bourgeois, but to be admitted a member of the ſociety of that trade or profeſſion you mean to follow.

Now

Now I have finiſhed my account of the magiſtracy of Bruſſels, I ſhall beg leave to detain you a few minutes, whilſt I give you a ſhort account of the government of the *Pays Bas Autrichiens*.—The ſovereignty of this country is veſted ſolely in the Emperor of Germany—The government is monarchical, compoſed of a mixture of Ariſtocracy and Democracy—The Sovereign has both the executive and legiſlative powers—To him belongs the right of pardoning criminals, of legitimating baſtards, and of naturalizing ſtrangers. He has the power of increaſing or leſſening the rights of export and import which belong to him; and the ſtates, or cities, which enjoy certain parts of theſe rights, cannot alter them without permiſſion of the Sovereign. The Ariſtocratical and Democratical part of the government centre in the States, compoſed of a body of the clergy, that of the nobleſſe,

bleſſe, and third ſtate.—This is the repreſentative body of the people, who, when the Sovereign makes any demand for a ſupply, impoſes on the people taxes for the raiſing it (that is after the States have aſſented to the demand). The States are protectors of all the citizens, and preſerve the equilibrium between the power of the Sovereign and the people, as eſtabliſhed by the compact, termed, *La joyeuſe entrée*; which agreement is renewed at the inauguration of each Sovereign. The ſpiritual government of the city is adminiſtered by the Biſhops, conformably to the diſcipline of the Belgic church.—The ſuperior affairs of government, civil, political, and œconomical, are tranſacted by the Council of State, Privy Council, Council of Finance, and Chamber of Accounts.—All civil affairs, relating to contentious matters, are decided by Councils of Juſtice and other tribunals, eſtabliſhed

eſtabliſhed for that purpoſe in the different provinces.—At the head of the government of the *Pays Bas Autrichiens* are the following officers: — The Governors General, which repreſent the Emperor — The Miniſter Plenipotentiary — The Commandant General of the Troops—The Secretaries of State and of War, and the Chancellor of Brabant. The edicts, declarations, and ordinances of the Sovereign are always firſt tranſmitted to the Governors General, yet all the orders coming from the Prince, relative to the government or adminiſtration of the Netherlands, are ſent to the Miniſter Plenipotentiary, who remits them to the Governors General, and theſe Princes paſs them to that Council which has in its department the particular part of adminiſtration to which the order has reference.

From

From what I have ſaid both relative to the magiſtracy of Bruſſels, and the government of the Auſtrian Netherlands, you will be able to form a pretty accurate idea of the advantages it poſſeſſes over moſt nations, with reſpect to its laws, cuſtoms, and privileges; I ſhall only make a few more obſervations, which I have omitted in their proper place, and then take my leave of Bruſſels.

There is an extreme good Theatre in the lower town, and the performers not of the loweſt rate; the ſtrange cuſtom, however, which prevails almoſt in every town of the Netherlands, of having ſcarce any light in the Theatres, renders its appearance very gloomy to an Engliſhman. The Roman Catholick Religion is the one openly profeſſed, yet all are tolerated, and places of worſhip allowed for any ſect whatever.—

The

The inhabitants of Bruſſels are in general a polite, well bred people; they all ſpeak French as well as Flemiſh—The women are none of them either pretty or polite; they are however good natured, induſtrious, and anxious to promote the intereſt, and as ſuch the happineſs of their huſbands—They moſt of them addict themſelves to a cuſtom which is not only an indecent one, but totally ruins their complexion—Even in the hotteſt days of July and Auguſt, a Flemiſh woman will ſit with a little warming-pan between her legs, the ſteam of which flies up her petticoats, and keeps every thing warm. I had an opportunity of obſerving the power of cuſtom to ſubdue decency, in two or three old women, who, on entering the track-ſcoot, between Bruges and Ghent, brought their pans with them, and very compoſedly pulled up their petticoats before a company of at leaſt forty or fifty ſtrangers,

ſtrangers, and put their pans between their legs.—Fuel at Bruſſels, is very dear, coals extravagantly ſo—I was informed by a friend of mine, an Engliſh gentleman, who reſided there all laſt winter, that it coſt him for two fires, 4 ſkelins a day. Proviſions are however very reaſonable, at leaſt half as much more ſo as in London; yet the great conflux of ſtrangers to this place, during the winter, and which has increaſed conſiderably within theſe few years, have amazingly raiſed their price. The climate, (I am informed) is leſs ſevere in the winter ſeaſon than in London—In the ſummer it is two degrees at leaſt hotter. There is hardly an hour in the day but there are coaches and diligences (though under this laſt title, the moſt nick-named of any things I know) and a track-ſcoot or two going to all the neighbouring towns, the price of conveyance is extremely reaſonable.

Bruſſels

Bruſſels carries on a very conſiderable commerce with England, France, and Holland, and the balance very much in favour of theſe countries—England ſupplies it with almoſt all its cloth, as alſo ſeveral other little nick-knacks. — From France they have all their wines, brandy, coffee, ſugar, jewels, books, and numberleſs other objects of luxury.—From Holland they alſo draw their ſalt and freſh fiſh, ſpices, drugs, and cheeſe — Bruſſels ſupplies theſe different countries with linen, cloths, lace, iron, paper, &c. It carries on a trifling trade with Spain, Liege, &c. but nothing very conſiderable. I would recommend to all travellers who wiſh to ſee the curioſities of Bruſſels, and propoſe paſſing even as much as a few days here, to hire on his arrival a *Lacquey de Place*; a domeſtic who is generally very well verſed (through practice) in the cuſtoms and manners of the place; he waits

on

on you during your ſtay, runs on your errands—gives you any information you may want, and gets up behind your voiture or fiacre, to attend you to view the curioſities which the city affords—The difference between a voiture and a fiacre, is, that the firſt are like our job coaches in town, the laſt ſimilar to our Hackney.—For a voiture you give ten ſkelins a day, and, if you pleaſe, two for the coachman—For the fiacre you pay one and a half, or two ſkelins an hour (their rated price is but one). Voitures are particularly uſeful to ſee the environs of Bruſſels, but fiacres anſwer as well your ſervice within the walls.—From Bruſſels the poſt goes almoſt every day to moſt parts of France, Germany, Liege, &c.—and to England three times a week, the days are ſtuck up for the intelligence of ſtrangers at the Poſt Office. The Emperor charges you nothing for inland carriage.—

The poſts, become of ſo general uſe all over Europe, were not known in Germany, till the reign of the Emperor Maximilian, who eſtabliſhed himſelf the firſt poſt from Bruſſels to Vienna.

The walls of this city are near three miles in circumference, they were built at the end of the fourteenth century, when the quarrels which uſed continually to break out between the Brabaneons and the Flemings, being finally ſettled by the interpoſitions and good offices of William the Good, Count of Hainault and Holland, innumerable quantities of the Flemings ſettled at Bruſſels, ſo that the old walls were not able to contain them, ſeveral families being obliged to live without the gates; to remedy therefore this inconvenience, the old walls were pulled down, and new ones built in their room on a much larger ſcale.

I will

I will now detain you no longer at Bruſſels, but would beg leave to recommend you, and all travellers who viſit this place, to devote a couple of days to making a tour as far as Antwerp, which is I ſuppoſe as well worth ſeing as any city in Europe, particularly to all connoiſſeurs in painting, as it contains ſome *chef d'œuvres* of the moſt capital maſters in both the Italian and Flemiſh ſchools, not only in the cathedral, churches, convents, and monaſteries; but alſo in the houſes of private gentlemen, who ſhew infinite taſte in the arrangement of their pictures, and no leſs politeneſs in the trouble they very readily take, to point out the beauties of each particular piece to thoſe ſtrangers who do them the favour to viſit their collection.

Antwerp is only twenty-four miles from Bruſſels, and the road is as delightful as poſ-

ſible to be in ſo flat a country—The moſt elegant track-ſcoot in the Netherlands ſails from both places every morning — Being willing for my own part to have as much time as I poſſibly could at Antwerp, I hired a voiture, which engaged to carry me to Antwerp in two days for five crowns—Having little time to ſpare, I was induced to adopt this mode of conveyance, yet I ſhould at all times prefer the track-ſcoot, when it was convenient to me.—All the way to Vilvord you have the canal on your right, cloſe to you—This canal was begun in the year 1550, yet though the utility of it could not but be evident to every one, it yet met with ſo violent an oppoſition from the inhabitants of Vilvord and Malines, that the Brabaneons had once almoſt given it up—but the indefatigable endeavours of the two ſuperintendants, John De Locquengien Lord of Berghem, and the famous engineer George Rinaldi,

Rinaldi, ſubdued at laſt all the difficulties which were thrown in their way, and after eleven years labour, completed the canal.—The execution of this project coſt the States of Brabant near a million of florins — an immenſe ſum, if we conſider the value of money at that time—yet this was owing to the great oppoſition made to the work, as in caſe of a general acquieſcence it would not have amounted to half that ſum.—On this occaſion vaſt rejoicings were made, and for the encouragement of this navigation, the magiſtrates offered prizes for thoſe boats which arrived firſt with the beſt goods. Till you get to Vilvord the country ſeats of the Flemiſh nobility and gentry preſent themſelves on each ſide of you—On the left, about the diſtance of two miles, you ſee a chateau, built by the late Prince Charles of Lorraine, and at preſent is inhabited by the Archdutcheſs and the Duke of Saxe Teſ-

chen—The houſe is built of fine white ſtone, quite in a modern ſtile, and is pleaſantly ſituated; cloſe by it is a piece of ground allotted for the ſame purpoſe as the hill of St. Pierre, at Ghent, for the manly exerciſe of the croſs-bow—On the right of you, a mile further, you ſee the villa of Monſ. Walckier's, banker—The gardens are ſuppoſed to be the beſt in Flanders—About the ſame diſtance, on your left, is Monſ. Capel's—The houſe and gardens, though on a much ſmaller ſcale than the laſt mentioned gentleman's, ſhew a great deal of taſte and elegance. I have ſingled out theſe amongſt a very great variety of moſt beautiful villas which preſent themſelves to you in your road from Bruſſels to Antwerp.

This part of Flanders is remarkable for its beauty—flat as the greateſt part of this country is, it is impoſſible to connect inſipidity

pidity or ſameneſs with it—The richneſs and fertility of the ſoil, with the quantity of wood and water, (which in my humble opinion when united will ever form an agreeable perſpective) amply compenſate for the want of that variety, which is generally thought to conſtitute beauty in proſpect, and which an uneven, hilly country, of neceſſity produces.—When you get to Vilvord you take your leave of the canal, which has been a moſt delightful companion to you all the way from Bruſſels.—Vilvord is a very inconſiderable little place—here is, however, the famous houſe of correction for thoſe (as our conductor informed us) *qui ne s' arragent comme il faut*—It was built in 1779 for the Provinces of Auſtrian Brabant. It is on an immenſe large ſcale, and ſo contrived that every offender has a room for himſelf; they are not, as may be eaſily conceived, very large, yet ſufficiently

ſo to admit of all which nature requires.—There are at preſent between two and three hundred offenders, who all wear a particular uniform, appointed by the States—Some are confined for life, but theſe are ſeparated from the reſt—they are all treated according to their behaviour, and are made to work, and that very hard, at the trades which before their ill-conduct they followed.

At the diſtance of about four leagues (half way) from Bruſſels you reach

MALINES or *MECHLIN.*

Which is ſituated on the Dyle, and is a fortified town, though not very ſtrongly—It is ſubject to the Houſe of Auſtria, and the ſee of an Archbiſhop, who, (as I have before obſerved) is primate of the Netherlands.—

lands.—The concurrence of this little ſtate is neceſſary to the making of laws, and raiſing money.

As your driver will wiſh to give his horſes an hour's reſt here, you may employ half of it in walking to the cathedral, which is almoſt always open, where you will ſee a few pictures by Crohaert, Herreyns, (who lives here) Pery, &c. The manufacture of lace this town is famous for all over Europe —The inns here are all very bad, but none I am convinced can be ſo much ſo as the inn I was driven to—The ſign was *La Grue* —the accommodations are extremely bad, and the people very uncivil and impoſing.—Wheh you leave Malines you have a fine road all the way to Antwerp, the country on each ſide of you fertile and beautiful—You ſee ſeveral villas, ſome of which are moſt delightfully ſituated.

ANTWERP

ANTWERP

Is a city ſo conſpicuous in the hiſtory of the Netherlands, and containing at this time, ſo many curioſities within it, that I truſt I ſhall meet with your pardon, if I detain you longer than you wiſh in my account of it. This is the capital of the Marquiſate of that name, a province of Flanders, and the ſee of a Biſhop.—It is ſituated on the Scheld, and built much in the form of a creſcent—Canals are cut through the town to the river, for the convenience of merchants reſiding in the city to have the veſſels of trade come up to their warehouſes.—The citadel of Antwerp is one of the ſtrongeſt fortreſſes in Flanders—When a ſtranger arrives at this place, the neatneſs of the buildings and ſtreets, with the real, as well as apparent induſtry of the inhabi-

tants,

tants, attract immediately his admiration, and prepoſſeſs him not a little in favour of this city — You ſee not a beggar in the ſtreet (a ſort of gentry who I am ſorry to ſay infeſt the ſtreets of Bruſſels ſadly) and every thing you ſee beſpeaks chearfulneſs, induſtry and cleanlineſs, three good qualities which when found in a city cannot fail of making it pleaſant. I would recommend as an Hotel, *the Imperial*, which I think a very good one.—All amateurs in painting will have at Antwerp a fine field in which to to exerciſe their taſte and judgment—I ſhall not attempt to particularize the many beautiful paintings, both in public and private collections, which are to be found here; ſuch an attempt would evince my folly in too glaring a manner; for accurate information on this ſubject, I refer all travellers to a Book intituled "*Les Curioſités D'Antwerp*," which two ſkelins will purchaſe of the

the waiter at any of the hotels—I ſhall, however, take the liberty of recommending a few paintings to your notice, and will begin firſt with the private collections.—Thoſe of Monſ. Van Lancker, and Monſ. Steevens firſt attracted my notice, and contain ſome very capital paintings—In the collection of the firſt, you ſee the famous picture of Rubens of our Saviour preſenting the keys of Paradiſe to St. Peter—There are many more by Vandyke, Joardens, and other eminent maſters—Monſ. Steevens poſſeſſes ſome very excellent pictures—the following particularly ſo.—

The mother of Rubens, by Rubens.

Our Saviour in the manger, by Dietricht, the colours in the very higheſt preſervation.

Coriolanus, (the artiſt I have forgot.)

Some excellent fruit pieces and landſcapes.

The collections of Meſſrs. Pilaer and Breekman—Les Freres Tielmans, and of Monſ. Mertens, all *Marchands des Tableaux*, are, I dare venture to ſay, for private collections, the moſt capital of any at Antwerp, or perhaps in the Netherlands. —In the poſſeſſion of the firſt mentioned of theſe, you find the mother of Rembrandt—a moſt excellent piece, and much eſteemed by all amateurs.

Rubens' ſecond wife—a beautiful face—Sir Joſhua Reynolds (who was at Antwerp at the ſame time I viſited it) offered an hundred pounds for this portrait, which was refuſed.

At Meſſrs. Tielmans you ſee ſome very good pictures, amongſt which is the woman accuſed of adultery, by Rubens—The pleaſure you will receive in viewing this picture, which is at this very moment in its

its higheſt ſtate of preſervation, would repay you even the fatigue of a mile's walk to it.—At Monſ. Mertens, which is by much the ſmalleſt collection of them all, you ſee two moſt excellent portraits, by Rubens—one of Seneca, the other of Plato.—At the picture merchants all the paintings you ſee are for ſale, and at Pilaer's and Breekman's you have a book given you, with all the pictures numbered, and the prices ſet to each.—At all theſe places, as well as at the private houſes, it is cuſtomary to give the ſervant a ſkelin or two.—When you have ſeen theſe private collections, you will naturally viſit the cathedral, where you will find ſome very good pictures, amongſt which the following deſerve your attention—The Martyrdom of St. Sebaſtian, by Mich. Coxie, a diſciple of Rubens—The Deſcent from the Croſs, by Rubens — this is reckoned the grand *chef d'œuvre* of that capital artiſt—

It

It is placed over the altar of the *Confrérie D'Arquebuſe*; two ſhutters encloſe this precious *morceau* of painting—on one you ſee the Viſitation, on the other the Purification of the Virgin Mary—You are ſhewn this picture ſeparate from the reſt, and by a different man—Two men have alternately the government of it, the adminiſtration of which brings them in a very handſome revenue—You will be inclined to give this ſome credit, when I inform you, that each time they ſhew it to a ſtranger, they demand of him three ſkelins—a demand which I felt not at all inclined to comply with.—I offered him one, which he refuſed with evident marks of reſentment; but afterwards, finding that he was in danger of even loſing that, he accepted it, and went grumbling away, curſing me, I dare ſay, at his very heart, though not ten minutes before he had been on his knees, imploring forgiveneſs of his

ſins,

ſins, in which ſituation I found him when I entered the cathedral.—In the chapel of St. Luke are ſome paintings and ſculpture, both of which merit your notice—In this chapel lies entered the famous painter Martin de Vos—In the Chapel of Circumciſion are ſome good pictures of Quintin Matzys, a blackſmith of this city, one of which Rubens was ſo much enraptured with that he gave him his daughter in marriage—theſe are a few, amongſt a vaſt number, you ſee in the cathedral.—From hence I would adviſe you to go to the Chapel of St. James, in which you will ſee the Chapel of Rubens, where that great artiſt lies buried—The picture over the altar is Rubens, his firſt and ſecond wife, his father, grandfather, and two beautiful daughters—In the Church of St. Michael you ſee one or two good pictures —The Refectorie contains ſome which conteſt the prize with that great Italian maſter

ter Paul Veroneſe; they are moſt of them executed by John Eraſmus Quellin, brother of the famous ſculptor Arnold Quellin—Amongſt them are the portraits of Teniers and his wife, who was the ſiſter of Quellin —In the apartment of the Abbe of St. Michael you ſee ſome very capital pictures, amongſt which are

St. Robert, by Diepenbeck.

The firſt wife of Rubens, by Rubens.

The Emperor and his mother, by Van Delen.

Our Saviour deſcending from the Croſs, by Vandyke.

St. Jerome, by Rubens, and others by Teniers, Ryſbrach, Matzys, &c. &c.—In the church of the *Carmes Déchauſſeés*, the picture over the grand altar repreſents the marriage of Joſeph and the Virgin Mary—

It is extremely well executed by Gerard Zegers—Here are alſo ſeveral others by Rubens and Tyſſens—In the church of the *Peres Capucins* of the *Beguinage* of the *Dominicains* of the *Grandes Carmes* there are ſome excellent pictures, which have received the approbation of amateurs, and are all noticed in the book to which I have referred you for more particular obſervations on the curioſities of Antwerp—I will, however, beg leave to recommend you to pay a viſit to the Exchange, where the Merchants (as in England) aſſemble daily to tranſact their buſineſs—The inſide is well furniſhed with pictures by the following capital maſters, Wouvermans, Van Opſtal, Cornelius de Vos, Martin de Vos, Tyſſens, &c. In the Saloon, and in the Chamber of the Directors are ſome very good pictures—In the Chamber of the Academiſts are the performances which gained the prizes for the

ſeveral

ſeveral laſt years.—To the men who ſhew you the churches, monaſteries, &c. you will give both according to their appearance, as well as according to the time you have taken up—Two ſkelins, however, is as much as can be neceſſary, let the company be ever ſo large.

This city carries on a moſt extenſive commerce at this day, and ſo far back as when under the government of the Burgundian Princes, was the grand market for all the northern nations—It was the firſt city in the Netherlands in which the proteſtant religion was received.—Towards the middle of the ſixteenth century the rage of the reformers broke out at Antwerp with a violence very inimical to the cauſe of religious toleration—Churches, images, and relicks were defaced, or burnt by the reformers—ſeveral monaſteries and convents were robbed of their valu-

ables, and the peaceable poſſeſſors turned out of their habitations—During the civil wars which gave riſe to the revolt of the ſeven provinces, Antwerp ſuffered alternately by the Proteſtants and Catholicks more than any city of the Netherlands—The Duke of Alva, when Governor General of the Low Countries, made this city, in a great meaſure, his place of reſidence; and you may ſee the very ſpot where this inhuman tyrant built a citadel to keep in awe the reformers, and to enforce the edict publiſhed by the aſſembly denominated by him the *Council of Tumults*, and by the Flemings, the *Council of Blood*—He alſo erected here a ſtatue of himſelf, in order to perpetuate the victories which he obtained in the beginning of the civil war over the Prince of Orange and his brother, Count Lewis of Naſſau, as alſo the victory he gained over the members of the Compromiſe. The mad adminiſtration of affairs

affairs in the reign of Philip the Second of Spain, together with the immenſe expence attending the proſecution of the war with his ſubjects in the Netherlands, ſo drained the ſtate purſe, that frequently money was not left ſufficient to diſcharge the arrears due to the ſoldiers, which often amounted to a very conſiderable ſum—The conſequence of this generally was a mutiny of the troops, and as generally the ſeizing of Antwerp by the mutineers—The moment that the troops under D'Avila mutinied for want of pay they ſeized Antwerp, and lived upon the inhabitants—Never did it however ſuffer ſo much from the Spaniſh troops, as in the year 1576, when a great part of the army mutinied on a ſimilar occaſion, and electing Navareſe for their leader, ſeized and plundered this city—It had almoſt at this period recovered the ſplendor and magnificence it diſplayed previous to the civil war—Mer-

chants from different parts of Europe had of late years reſorted thither on account of the peculiar advantages it poſſeſſed in its ſituation for commerce. All their magnificent houſes were ſtript of the furniture, and moſt of the moveables burnt or deſtroyed by the ſoldiers, nor for ſeveral days did the cruelty, rapine, and extortion of theſe miſcreants ceaſe —Great part of the city was burnt to the ground, and ſeveral monaſteries and churches bear at this day evident marks of the violence and wantonneſs practiſed at this period, by the Spaniſh ſoldiers.

I will now conclude my account of Antwerp, after mentioning that at the *Hotel de Ville* in this city the Commiſſioners from the States met every day to ſettle the preliminaries of that peace, which acknowledged the independency of the United Provinces, and which was finally concluded in 1609.

I left

I left Antwerp very well pleaſed with the day I had paſſed there, and returned by the ſame road to Bruſſels, at which place I only ſtayed one night, and left it next morning for the German Spa, not intending to go the old beaten track of St. Trond, Tirlemont, but reſolving to make a little circuit, and take Namur in my way—I hired therefore a voiture, which took me for two crowns as far as Louvain, which is fifteen miles diſtant----As you go out of Bruſſels a man ſtops you, and demands if you have any contraband goods, alſo requires to look at the paper which you have from Oſtend as a kind of paſſport for your baggage; on this he writes a few words, which he preſents to you, accompanied with a low bow, which too plainly intimates, that he has no ſort of objection to ſome pecuniary return for his trouble; and as he is really a fine gentleman, as to external appearance,

it would be wrong to offer him leſs than two ſkelins.—The road from Bruſſels to Louvain, is much the ſame, as from Bruſſels to Ghent.—The ſoil is rich and fertile, and ſome pleaſant villages are ſcattered up and down—you ſee, however, no gentleman's ſeat. On your left hand, at the diſtance of two miles, you ſee ſeveral gibbets, on which the malefactors, after being executed at Bruſſels, are hung as a warning to ill-diſpoſed people. There were no leſs than three bodies hanging when I paſſed by, which had been lately executed. The country, as you approach nearer to Louvain, has more variety in it, not being quite ſo flat as before—You go down a trifling hill (though the ſteepeſt I have yet met with) into

LOUVAIN.

LOUVAIN,

Which is a city of very large extent, though irregularly built. The ſtreets are narrow, and to ſtrangers have not a very handſome appearance. The inns are but very indifferent, which can eaſily be accounted for, when we conſider that they are in general only uſed by the nobility and gentry, to change horſes at, in their way to the Spa,—the *L'Imperatrice*, is, I think, as good as any of them. The landlady is very civil, and ſpeaks very tolerable Engliſh, having received (as ſhe takes care to inform you) her education at an Engliſh convent; I would not, however, adviſe you to ſleep here.—It is cloſe to the church of St. Peter, and this Apoſtle, ever ambitious to diſplay to public notice the ſuperior favour he was held in by our Lord

and

and Saviour, above the reſt of his brethren, by having the keys of Paradiſe entruſted to his care, reminds you of the donation, by rattling them in your ears all night. In real earneſt, the bells of the church chime twice every quarter of an hour, ſo loud, and ſo long, that it is utterly impoſſible to get any ſleep.—I went to bed at ten o'clock, and roſe a little after four, as much fatigued as when I laid down, not having had one wink of ſleep—it carries on, at this time, a great trade in linens. The univerſity here is the largeſt in the Netherlands, conſiſting of twenty-four, or more colleges. The library is well ſtocked with books in all languages, and is a moſt excellent room.—The ſtudents may repair here, at any time, to peruſe the books. The ſchools of theology, law, phyſic, and philoſophy, are under the ſame roof with the library.—The pictures, in the phyſical ſchool, are ſhewn to ſtrangers

gers as very good ones.—I cannot, however, ſay a great deal in their favour; the botanical garden here is viſited by botaniſts, who eſteem it a very good one — The town-houſe is an amazing old fanciful building on the outſide; within, however, there is nothing to be ſeen—The ſame may be ſaid of St. Peter's church—In the middle of St. Michael's, you ſee a neat altar-piece, two or three tolerable pictures, and an handſome pulpit—Theſe are all the curioſities worth ſeeing at Louvain—From hence to Namur is near thirty miles—I hired another voiture, which carried me there in ſeven hours for five crowns and an half—The country now begins to be more hilly, and, conſequently, there is more variety in the views; to me, however, the trifling advantage you gain in the beauty of the country, is more than loſt by the ſlowneſs with which you travel—Every little hillock

is

is conſtrued by your driver into a *montagne*, which, he is convinced, would kill his horſes, were they to go up it faſter than a foot's pace; and, perſuaded of this, he conſtantly alights, to eaſe them as much as he poſſibly can, of ſome part at leaſt of the burthen they have to draw up this *tremendous precipice*. The country all the way is very thinly populated, and as you may not wiſh to undergo the penance of a ſeven hours faſting, you had better take ſome trifling proviſion with you, as you cannot procure any upon the road—You go down rather a ſteep hill to

NAMUR.

The entrance to the town is but very ſhabby, and the road bad—The ſtreets are very narrow, and the houſes look old and ill built—When you enter the town, two men

ſtop

ſtop you at the gates—One gives you a paper, on which he begs you to write your name and character, in order to carry it to the Commandant—The other takes your baggage and paſſport from you, writes a word or two on it, (as before at Bruſſels) and preſents it to you, at the ſame time making an *eſcalin bow*—I call it by this name, becauſe it is the price at which he rates his complaiſance—I have always proportioned the douceur I give to theſe over-and-above civil gentlemen, to the appearance they make.

Namur is a very ſtrong city of the Auſtrian Netherlands, ſubject to the Emperor, and ſituated at the conflux of the Sombre and Maeſe—In the ſixteenth century, it was a place of that ſtrength, as well as importance, that Don John of Auſtria, natural brother to Philip the Second, who was admitted

mitted (by the States preſerving their allegiance to the Spaniſh government) as Governor General of the Netherlands, diſtruſtful of the obedience of his new ſubjects, ſeized it, as a place, at that time, moſt fortified both by nature and art—At preſent, the ramparts and fortifications, which ſo long withſtood the power of our William the Third, are almoſt entirely demoliſhed —There are ſtill, however, barracks for four or five thouſand men, one thouſand of whom are conſtantly in barracks here—There are manufactories for guns, pipes, cards, &c. at Namur, and a briſk trade carried on — I never obſerved in any one town, ſo great a number of apothecaries' ſhops—I can by no means account for this, as the people ſeem in general very hearty, and do not carry about them the appearance of ſickneſs—If you walk about that part of which remain to this day, you have a moſt

noble

noble view over that town and adjacent country—The only churches or buildings worthy notice, are the cathedral, the church of the Jeſuits, and the church of the Recollects—The firſt is an handſome large building—The choir and grand altar are very elegant—There is a marble pulpit, and ſome very tolerable pictures round the church—The church of the Jeſuits is a fine building, and the grand altar-piece moſt magnificently beautiful—Adjoining to it is the college of Jeſuits for the education of youth, much on the ſame plan as that at St. Omer's in French Flanders—The church of the Recollects is very neat, elegantly ſimple both within and without—It boaſts ſome very tolerable pictures within, and has a very handſome pulpit and organ.—I would recommend as an inn, the *Hotel D'Eſcampes*, where you meet with extreme civil treatment, and every thing exceedingly reaſonable.

able.—From Namur to Liege I went by a track-ſcoot, (preſerving ſtill my partiality for water carriage) which ſets out every day at twelve o'clock, you pay ten ſols for your carriage, and a ſkelin for your ſervant, and a ſkelin for your heavy baggage.—It will be adviſeable to take your dinner before you ſet off, as you cannot dine on board, and you do not reach Huy (which is the firſt place you ſtop at in your way to Liege) till ſix o'clock. This track-ſcoot is very different from what I have yet met with—The cabin is a very bad one, and frequently ſo filled, that you can hardly procure a ſeat—You are, however, amply compenſated for the inconvenience of your carriage by the beauty and richneſs of the ſcene, which preſents itſelf to you all the way — High ſtupendous rocks, and hanging woods, are your companions on each ſide from Namur to Liege—Here and there you ſee a villa

a villa in a moſt romantic ſpot—For the ſake of this ride, many, I am perſuaded, would have no objection to go round by Namur to Liege—Never, in my life, did I travel in the midſt of ſo pictureſque a ſcene —where nature had been ſo laviſh of its bounty.—At preſent a road is cutting cloſe by the ſide of the river, which, I am informed, will be finiſhed in a twelvemonth, and will render the communication betwixt Liege and Namur, more eaſy and pleaſant than it is at preſent—This road is made by command of the Emperor, yet each place contributes its ſhare to the expence attending it, Namur the moſt of all.—Much at the diſtance of a league on the right from Namur, is a fine wood—in the midſt of it are the remains of an hermitage, where dwelt, ſome few years ſince, an inoffenſive old man—At the time of ſuppreſſion of ſeveral monaſteries and convents by an edict

from the Emperor, this little hut underwent the ſame cruel fate—It unfortunately fell under the deſcription of a religious houſe, and, as ſuch, the innocent poſſeſſor of it was driven to ſeek ſome peaceable and retired ſituation—The remains of this little hermitage are to be ſeen at this day—the ſpot in which it is ſituated, is moſt romantickly beautiful. Little more than two leagues on your right, is the village of Andenne, in a delightful ſituation—Here is a convent of the *Chanoineſſes*, for the daughters of the nobleſſe only—They are paid by the Emperor for reſiding here, are of all ages, and are permitted to marry when they chuſe, (or rather, more properly, when they can get any body to have them)—It is now ſtrongly reported, that the Emperor intends moving the inhabitants of this convent to Namur—From the alterations, however, that have been made, and the pains which have

have been taken to beautify and adorn the chapel, (which I went to ſee, and is a very elegant building, much reſembling the church of the Recolléćts, at Namur) I am not much inclined to give this report any great credit.—As the wind was not very favourable, and the bark moved but ſlowly, I choſe to walk the two remaining leagues to Huy. You enter this little town by one of the moſt romantic walks I ever beheld. —A more beautiful ſituation than Huy was never ſeen,—with truth may I aver with the frenzy of enthuſiaſm, *that it beggars all deſcription*. I took up my reſidence at the *Huyame*, which, conſidering the ſmallneſs of the place, has moſt excellent accommodations.—About two or three years ago, the Archduchеſs and her conſort, in their way through Huy to Bruſſels, ſtopped at this *Auberge*, and, in order to recompenſe the landlady, for the extreme attention and

civility ſhe paid them, made her a preſent of a gold medal, with their heads engraved on each ſide of it—you may be very ſure our good landlady takes care to inform all her gueſts of this flattering circumſtance—ſhe boaſts moſt amazingly of this ſingular favour, and remarks, that the Emperor himſelf lodged at the *Hotel D'Eſcampes*, at Bruſſels, but made no preſent to *his* hoſt. Huy is not inconſiderable enough for a village, and yet not ſufficiently conſiderable for a town; we may therefore call it a bourk. It conſiſts of as many as twelve pariſhes, all (as you may ſuppoſe) very ſmall ones;—and there are no leſs than thirty convents.—The ſtreets are very narrow and ill built; but the country round is ſo delightfully romantic and charming, that were you to reſide on the ſpot, you would forget the inconveniences of the town.—Strangers, who come by the track-ſcoot, and ſtay at night, would

would do well to employ an hour before they ſet off, in paying a viſit to the collegiate church of *Notre Dame*, and to the church of the *Moines Croiſſées*.—The former is cloſe to your Auberge, and is an handſome, well-built, large church—the organ eſteemed a very capital one—The cieling of this church particularly attracts your attention—The church of the *Moines Croiſées*, is a moſt ſimply elegant building, the choir and grand altar-piece rich, though not heavy; the organ alſo is a neat piece of workmanſhip —You aſcend to the church by an hundred, or more, ſtone ſteps, and (as you may imagine from ſuch an height) have a moſt delightful proſpect over Huy, and the adjacent country—From Huy to Liege, there is no conveyance but by the track-ſcoot, which ſets out at noon—The country is much the ſame as before, only in ſome part of the way, you loſe the hanging rocks and woods,

and your proſpect changes into a fine, open, rich country—A vaſt number of villas preſent themſelves to you on each ſide, ſome of them moſt beautifully ſituated — The Prince Biſhop of Liege has a country reſidence a league from Liege, cloſe by the ſide of the canal.—You travel in this track-ſcoot very ſlowly — It was almoſt ſeven o'clock before we arrived at the wiſhed-for port—The winding of the river greatly retards your progreſs.

LIEGE

Is the capital of the principality of that name, ſituated on the Meuſe, which divides it into two parts—It is a populous and wealthy city, famous for the number of its convents and churches; of the latter, I am told, not leſs than an hundred—Here is a convent

convent for the Engliſh, and a univerſity of great fame.—The Biſhop is abſolute Sovereign of the city, and is the greateſt Eccleſiaſtical Prince in Germany—He is choſen by the major canons, who are generally of noble extraction. The late Prince Biſhop Charles, Count of Vellbuck, was a great promoter of the arts and ſciences, as well as a moſt benevolent man.—The recent erection of an academy for the ſtudy of different languages, as well as an academy of ſculpture and drawings, ſhew the juſtice of his title to the former; and his benevolence and charity have been marked by his patronizing the inſtitution, lately eſtabliſhed, of a general hoſpital, which is an aſylum for poverty and want, in whatever perſons or ſhapes they may appear.—The virtues or good qualities of the preſent Biſhop, time will diſcover—He has been in poſſeſſion of his biſhoprick ſo ſhort a time, that it is impoſ-

ſible to form any true idea of his character —Liege was ſurrendered into the hands of the French in the beginning of the war of Queen Anne, but it was retaken by the Duke of Marlborough in 1702.—I cannot ſay that there is any thing in this place which much deſerves your attention—The ſtreets are, in general, but very narrow and indifferent, though there are ſome good ones, and the great thoroughfare of the place renders its appearance chearful and gay.—The grand promenade, cloſe by the ſide of the Maeſe, is a moſt delightful pleaſant walk—This city is very large and populous, and carries on a large trade in fire arms, which are worked to a very great perfection—other articles are manufactured here, as alum, leather, marble, &c. To thoſe who ſtay a few hours in Liege, it may not be amiſs to recommend a viſit to the palace, two or three churches, and the town-

houſe,

houſe, which, from the accounts I have had of them, would, I dare ſay, repay their trouble.—I cannot ſpeak of the entertainment they would furniſh from my own knowledge, as I had not time to ſee them, having ſome buſineſs that induced me to go to the Spa that night—After taking, therefore, a little refreſhment at the *Agneau*, (which I recommend as a very good inn) I took horſes for the Spa—For poſt-horſes you pay 14 ſkelins each, and for a carriage the ſame as for one horſe—I muſt here remark to you ſome alteration in the value of the coin—In the principality of Liege, a ſkelin German is value ten-pence, and a ſkelin Liegeois nine-pence.—The carriages here are ſo very indifferent, that moſt people, going to the German Spa, take their own coach or chariot—For my part, not having either, as not ſuitable to my purſe, or agreeable to my inclination, as my circuit

circuit was more with a view to amuſement and inſtruction than convenience, I was content to put up with what I found, and inſtead of going poſt more œconomically, hired a voiture, with three horſes, for which I paid ſix crowns French—If you have not a great deal of baggage, two horſes will be ſufficient, you then only pay five crowns —The road from Liege to Spa is very bad, up hill and down all the way, through a barren, wild, cold country—With poſt-horſes you ſeldom go it in leſs than ſix hours, and with a voiture eight, though it is not twenty-three miles—On each ſide of you, greateſt part of your way, there are high mountains; you meet with very few houſes, and thoſe miſerably poor—To give a deſcription of

S P A

Is needleſs—It is ſo generally known and viſited by people of all nations, and, exclu-

ſive

ſive of the company, has ſo very little in itſelf, that it would be taking up your time unneceſſarily to deſcribe it. On my arrival, I went to the *Armes D'Angleterre*, the people were extremely civil, and there were a vaſt number of my countrymen there, yet I do not think it, by any means, a good houſe —The *Cour de Londres*, or the *Grand Monarque*, are both, in my opinion, infinitely preferable—At all the inns you muſt expect to meet with very high charges, as it is only during the ſeaſon that the *Aubergiſtes* have any company or cuſtom. The diverſions of the place, are riding, walking, dancing, and laſt, (though not leaſt) gaming—The country round Spa, in my opinion, is not pretty —There is a kind of wildneſs, and, I may add, barrenneſs in the country, that differs very much from the idea I have of beauty in proſpect—A ſtranger, who means to reſide any time in Spa, had better take lodgings

ings in the town, he may procure very creditable ones at half a Louis per week—When I arrived at Spa, (though it was the height of the ſeaſon) it was very thin, owing to a quarrel which ſubſiſted, at that period, between the Engliſh and the Liegeois; the different ſtories which were related by people intereſted on both ſides, made it impoſſible to collect the truth with any degree of certainty.—As far, however, as I could judge, from collecting and comparing the accounts, *pro* and *con*, the circumſtances which gave riſe to the diſpute were nearly as follow: in the latter end of laſt ſeaſon (that of 84) ſeveral gentlemen, who conſtantly frequent Spa in the ſeaſon, loſt one evening a conſiderable ſum of money to the Bank, held at the Old Redoute, which is kept by the Sieur Delaux—The next day they repaired to the ſame place again, in hopes of winning back part of the ſums they had

had loſt.—They found, however, the Bank ſhut—This created ſome ſurprize—They ſent to Monſ. Delaux to know the reaſon —no anſwer, however, arrived to the firſt or ſecond meſſage—This they conſtrued into an inſult to them, and a reſolution, on the part of Delaux, to pocket his winnings —The greateſt part of the gentlemen, amongſt whom were one of the princes of Heſſe, Count Rice, (who killed Du Barré in a duel at Bath, ſome few years ſince) &c. &c. ſigned a paper, containing a reſolution never to enter the rooms again, until ſatisfaction was given them for the inſult they had received.—In this temper of mind, an enterprizing fellow, who reſided at Liege, hearing of the quarrel, went over to Spa, and offered to the diſcontented ſtrangers, to build them a new Redoute for a ſtipulated ſum, which was preſently raiſed by ſubſcription and the building finiſhed, ſo as to open before

fore the concluſion of the ſeaſon of 1785—Monſ. Delaux, however, not ignorant of the purpoſe of its erection, exerted all his influence to counteract the deſigns of his enemies—He poſſeſſed not a little influence with the Prince Biſhop—He had formerly been his apothecary, and in that ſituation, had received frequent inſtances of his confidence and friendſhip—He ſucceeded in this point even beyond his expectations—The Biſhop promiſed to eſpouſe his cauſe, and, on the firſt night of opening the new Redoute, he ordered a party of ſoldiers to turn out all the company, and take poſſeſſion of the rooms, in which they remained during the whole of the ſeaſon; and, in order to prevent the introduction of gaming into the different hotels, which he knew would be the conſequence of the ſuppreſſion of the new rooms, he iſſued orders that no cards ſhould be uſed at any of the hotels, under a very

very heavy penalty to the landlord.—This added fuel to the flame.—The Engliſh, already incenſed at the ſteps which had been taken to prevent their enjoying the benefit of their own rooms, could not brook the additional inſult of having their amuſements circumſcribed; and the greateſt part immediately left Spa, and went to Aix la Chapelle.—The Prince of Heſſe wrote to the Biſhop of Liege, in hopes of perſuading him to reſcind the reſolution he had made—He, however, received ſo cavalier an anſwer to his letter, that he declined making any further overtures, and followed the reſt to Aix.—It is, however, rumoured, that in ſpite of this apparent obſtinacy on the part of the Biſhop, every thing will ſoon be ſettled on its ancient footing—At preſent, it has not much that appearance, for no longer ago than laſt night, Lady P--w--ſc-t, (an Engliſh Counteſs) ſent to the Command-

ant,

ant, to beg permiſſion of the uſe of the New Rooms and of muſic, for a ball, or, more properly, a dance ſhe meant to give——The Commandant ſent word, *that it was impoſſible to comply with her requeſt, as his orders were poſitive to permit no kind of diverſions at the New Rooms; that there was muſic at the old Redoute, to which her ladyſhip was welcome to go, if ſhe choſe.*"—I wiſhed myſelf to ſee the new Redoute, having had my curioſity greatly excited by what I had heard of the taſte and elegance diſplayed throughout the whole—The ſoldiers, however, who kept poſſeſſion, would not let me ſee it, without an order from the Commandant—and I did not like to ſubject myſelf to the mortification of a refuſal, which might, very probably, have been the caſe.—This little difference has hurt the ſhopkeepers much, whoſe ſole dependence is on ſtrangers, and they do every thing

thing in their power to reſtore good harmony and friendſhip.—The Liegois, are in general, a frank, pleaſant, and polite people.—They poſſeſs a great deal of the vivacity of the French, great numbers of whom live in the principality—French is the language ſpoken by the better ſort; yet the poor people have a language of their own, which is a confuſed jargon of ſounds, very unpleaſant to the ear.—To ſee the country round Spa, you may hire little poneys, which canter up and down the hills with wonderful ſafety and agility.—The chief rides are to the different fountains, as the Geronſtére, the Sauveinére, &c. &c. fountains whoſe appendages are moſt admirably calculated for aſſignations and private meetings between the ſexes, which are almoſt every morning made.—Spa carries on a great trade in nick-nacks of every kind with all parts of Europe, chiefly retail, and by means of the ſtrangers

who reſort there—Dreſſing-boxes, caddies, &c. &c. are made from wood which grows in the environs of Spa, and which are peculiarly calculated for them.—The workmanſhip is certainly inferior very much to the manufactories of the ſame kind in England, yet the varniſh of the paint is moſt exquiſitely beautiful, and ſuperior to what we meet with any where—The tradeſmen at Spa, ſubſiſting chiefly, as I have before obſerved, through means of the ſtrangers which come to Spa in the ſeaſon, leave it as ſoon as the ſeaſon is over, and go to their reſpective homes, ſome to Liege, others to Bruſſels, Paris, &c.—From the Spa I went to Aix la Chapelle, not with a view to follow my affronted countrymen, but with an intention of going by that place and Maeſtricht into Holland—From Spa to Aix is little more than twenty-eight miles; I took a voiture and three horſes, for which I paid

two

two Louis—There are different prices for the very ſame conveyance, and ſome of the men who let theſe carriages will demand as much as three or four Louis---I would adviſe you, before you ſet off, to lay out a ſkelin in ropes, for as your harneſs and reins are compoſed of theſe materials, and as they are very often ſo rotten as to break before you have proceeded two miles, a want of this article (for your driver has ſeldom any with him) may detain you ſome very conſiderable time on the road—The country, for ſome miles after you leave Spa, is very pretty and pictureſque —On one ſide you have mountains, well clothed with wood; and, on the other, a clear little rivulet—After you have paſſed Theux, which is a little village, ſix miles from Spa, the country begins to be more open, and two miles this ſide Verviers, you paſs over a large common, chiefly waſte land, from which you have, on all ſides, a moſt

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charming extenſive proſpect of ſeveral leagues —At the diſtance of between three or four leagues is

VERVIERS,

Through which you paſs—It is a ſmall neat town; there are no large houſes in it, but ſuch as they are, look clean and comfortable — The town-houſe here is a very good one, and if you have leiſure deſerves your notice—There are alſo ſome beautiful gardens at a little diſtance from the town—I ſtopt at Verviers, and took ſome refreſhment at the ſign of the Emperor, which is an exceeding good one,—you have every accommodation as good as at Spa, and the charges rather more reaſonable. From hence to Aix the country is very fine—you leave the mountains and rocks, and though the

the road ſtill continues hilly, you ſee few, ſcarce any country ſeats—there is one, two miles from Verviers, belonging to a Councellor of State of Bruſſels, which has a light, elegant appearance—The laſt three or four miles of your journey are indeed ſhocking, even at this time of the year; I ſhould ſuppoſe, in winter, they are impaſſable.—The road is a thick heavy ſand, over which the horſes can ſcarce drag the carriage; all the reſt of the way is paved—You get out of the dominions of the Biſhop of Liege, when you arrive at

AIX LA CHAPELLE.

The entrance to which is very indifferent, on each ſide of you the moſt wretched, dirty hovels I ever beheld—Aix lies very low, and, in my opinion, damp, though the inhabitants will not allow it, the medical tribe eſpe-

cially, who are here in great numbers, and extol the ſalubrity of the air—As you advance further into the town the ſtreets get broader, and you ſee ſome very good houſes; yet, what is extraordinary, you do not ſee one ſtreet, in the whole city, regularly built —This place is not, in general, much frequented by the Engliſh; this year, however, owing to the aforementioned quarrel at Spa, it was remarkably full of Engliſh — The Poles, Swedes, Germans, and Ruſſians, make this their watering place, as the more Southern nations do Spa—The ſeaſon is at the height ſix weeks before the commencement of the Spa ſeaſon, and ſix weeks after its concluſion; there is, however, a great deal of company here from May to October —In favour of the amuſements of the place I cannot ſay much—I am ſorry to obſerve, that, like Spa, it is chiefly calculated for a deſcription of men not the moſt honourable,

who

who found the ſtructure of their own happineſs on the ruin of others; it is almoſt needleſs, after this, to deſcribe them under the name of Gameſters—From morning to night your ears are inceſſantly dinned with the rattling of the dice-box, not an hour but is employed in cards or dice—There are ſettled hours for every game, beyond which they cannnot play it—yet, as ſoon as one Bank ſhuts, another opens; and to thoſe, who are only actuated by the avaritious motive of poſſeſſing more than they already have, (for as to pleaſure, I can allow no gameſter to enjoy any, whilſt his mind is thus agitated by the different emotions of hope and fear,) it matters very little at what game he hazards his money, provided the chances are equal—Biribi, Hazard, Faro, Trent-un, each have their reſpective turns in the day, and are moſt under the direction of a diſtinct perſon.—The chief Banker

here pays a thouſand Louis *per annum* for his licence during the ſeaſon; and it is ſaid, that his profit in general exceeds four thouſand, and ſometimes double that ſum —There are two gaming-houſes a mile or two from the town, to which at ſtated hours all the gamblers reſort—Indeed, I know no police more regularly (I will not ſay better) governed than this—Each gaming-houſe, each room, nay, each part of a room, has its peculiar hour, two only of which, from the commencement of play to the concluſion (which is from ten in the morning to two or three the next) are allotted for meals, and often not one employed.—When I was at Aix, there was a little Italian, who, within a fortnight, had undergone as many revolutions of fortune, as in general fall to the lot of the moſt extraordinary gameſter during his whole life —He came there, as an adventurer, with a

few

few Louis d'Ors in his pockets, determined to try the favour of Fortune—his firſt attempt was at Hazard, where he played crown ſtakes, and, as Fortune kindly ſmiled on him, increaſed to an half guinea, guinea, and ſo on, to Bank notes.—In the ſpace of twenty-four hours, he had ſtripped the Bank of upwards of four thouſand pounds, and the next morning, reſuming his operations, broke the Bank entirely, his winnings amounting to more than nine thouſand pounds. One would have imagined, that a poor needy adventurer, who, moſt probably, had never ſeen a twentieth part of ſuch a ſum before, would have packed up his all immediately, and returned (in his own mind a prince) to his native country—Content, however, was a ſtranger to his mind, and the acceſſion of one ſum only brought with it anxiety for a greater—For ſeveral days, however, the Bankers could not play, ſo completely

completely had he reduced them to their laſt ſtake—A ſupply of caſh, however, at laſt arrived, which enabled them to open a freſh campaign.—Our little adventurer, as uſual, ſtuck cloſe to them; and, for a few hours, his uſual ſucceſs attended him.—The tables, however, at laſt turned on him, and, from being the poſſeſſor of ten thouſand pounds, he left the Bank reduced to his very laſt Louis—When he reached his lodging, he could not help taking a retroſpective view of his conduct. —How did he bewail his ſituation! how lament that he had not been content with his former gain, and retired to his own country, to enjoy the fruits of his ſucceſs!—To complain, however, of his ſituation could not mend it; convinced of this, he determined to make one more vigorous effort to recover the money he had loſt; fully, however, in his own mind determined to leave Aix directly, if Fortune

ſhould

ſhould once more ſmile upon him — yet, how to raiſe money ſufficient to put himſelf into the fickle Jade's way, he could not tell —At laſt, however, he recollected a friend, whom he had aſſiſted in ſeveral emergencies, and who reſided only a few miles diſtant from the city—To him he immediately diſpatched a meſſenger with a requeſt of the loan of thirty pounds—This was immediately complied with, and our little Italian returned to the gaming-table, much to the diſcomfort of the Bankers, who, from the ſucceſs that attended his play, had conceived no ſmall dread of him—His uſual run of good luck attended him, and, from being maſter of only thirty pounds, he left the table with more than ten thouſand, and not forgetting the reſolution he had formed in his fit of poverty, retired to an inn, ordered a carriage, and packed up his baggage—In the interim, however, one

of

of the Directors of the Bank, learning his intention, ſet off immediately to him, reſolved to uſe all the rhetoric he was maſter of, to perſuade him to relinquiſh his deſign—His arguments were too ſpecious not to deſtroy the reſolution of the poor Italian; his fortitude vaniſhed in a moment, and, inſtead of returning to his native country, he returned to the gaming-table, where, in a very few hours, he was ſtripped of every ſol he had in the world, and left to reflect on the diverſity of Fortune, which he had known in the ſpace of ſo ſhort a time---The moment he returned to his lodgings he ſold the greateſt part of his clothes, and by this means raiſed a few Louis, and returned to his own haunt in a more humble line than before.---When I left Aix, he had by half-crown ſtakes ſo far retrieved his affairs, as to repay the thirty pounds he had borrowed of his friend, and to be ambitious of increaſing

creaſing his ſtake---I never heard whether ſucceſs again attended him, nor, from his avarice and imprudence, was I much intereſted in his fate. The rides and walks round Aix are but very indifferent, and the roads, when compared with thoſe of Spa, moſt wretched---There are two balls a week at the Redoute, where the gaming-tables are kept---Engliſh country dances are allowed, but, in general, the dancing conſiſts of a minuet or two, cotillions, and a Poliſh dance---This laſt is performed by two perſons, and is, in ſome reſpects, ſimilar to our *Minuet de la Cour*, only rather more grave and ſolemn; the performers are continually croſſing each other at right angles, and, upon the whole, it is not to the ſpectators the moſt pleaſing dance in the world---I ſaw two daughters of the Grand Mayor of the town dance it---they ſeemed very pleaſing, ſhewy women----as ſoon as they

they had finiſhed it, the company expreſſed their approbation in the ſame manner we do to our actors and actreſſes in London, by clapping their hands—In the Redoute the muſic is very good—The moment one ſet has done dancing, another ſtarts up, and ſometimes only one couple, unaſked and without ceremony—They are, at preſent, building a New Redoute, and Comédie all in one, on the plan of the Spa Old Redoute, part of which tumbles occaſionally into a play-houſe—This New Redoute at Aix is cloſe to the old one, it was begun by a jeweller, who lives on the ſpot, but who, for want of money, has been obliged to diſpoſe of it half finiſhed; when completed, I dare ſay, it will be a moſt capital building—The concert is another amuſement here, they are held only once a week—the performers, ſome good and ſome bad; they are, in general, but thinly attended—The

Comédie

Comédie is much frequented by the independent gentry, by which I mean, thoſe who are not profeſſedly gameſters.—The language is German, conſequently rather harſh to the ear—The dancing is, however, very good—You meet at Aix ſuch a quantity of nobility, of Princes, Counts, Barons, &c. that you rather fancy yourſelf at court, than at a bathing-place—Honours, in Germany, are not very difficult to obtain, and are to be purchaſed with money.—A very humorous droll fellow, whom I met at Aix, gave me the reputed price of moſt German diſtinctions of rank—Barons he rated at fifty Louis D'Ors; Counts (real, not adopted titles) at one hundred; and Chamberlain (which entitles you to wear a rib-band, and a key in your button-hole) from ten to twenty guineas, and other titles in proportion—I am, in ſome reſpects, inclined to give credit to my informer, though I

make

make not a little allowance for his talent of ridicule—After having given you ſome brief account of the manner of ſpending your time here, (and which, I am ſorry to ſay, cannot, for any continuance, give pleaſure to a rational mind) it is neceſſary I ſhould give you ſome account of the place itſelf, of its curioſities, internal policy, &c.—This is a free, imperial city, its freedom was given to the inhabitants by the great Charlemagne, and it has enjoyed it uninterruptedly ever ſince—It is governed by two Burgomaſters, one of whom preſides over all affairs relative to the inhabitants of the town; the other, thoſe of ſtrangers---The police of the city is extremely good, and though ſuch a diverſity of people reſort here from all parts of the world, either for health or pleaſure, you ſeldom hear of any riot or diſturbance in the town—Any man may be a Bourgeois for ſix or ſeven Louis; without

it,

it, though he may open a ſhop, he cannot ſell retail----There are ſeveral merchants, not Burgeſſes, ſome of cloth, but they muſt all ſell by the piece—There are a vaſt number of people in Aix, miſerably poor, and the ſtreets throng with wretched objects, who come from all parts of the adjacent country for the benefit of the baths—Each hotel has a bath, you pay five ſkelins to go in, moſt of them are hot; one ſo much ſo, as to boil (ſo ſay the inhabitants) an egg hard in five minutes—There is one cold bath—The baths are chiefly uſed in ſcrophulous or rheumatic caſes; I have alſo heard them recommended in paralytic diſorders — For one of theſe complaints was ſent hither by her phyſicians the lovely Mrs. R——n, well known in the annals of gallantry, attended by her noble Colonel—I did not ſee her, but underſtood that ſhe was quite a cripple, not being able to uſe any of her

limbs--On hearing a calamity of this nature, I could ſcarce reſtrain the tear of pity--The ill-natured and unfeeling world, the prude and over-chaſte damſel may laugh at, and condemn my feelings in ſuch a cauſe; they may applaud the juſtice of Heaven in the exemplary puniſhment beſtowed on a guilty woman—I endeavour not even to palliate her errors, much leſs to diſpute the juſtice of the Almighty; yet let not us mortals be "extreme to mark what is done amiſs"—Let us rather endeavour to veil over the faults and crimes of our fellow creatures, nor refuſe to drop the tear of compaſſion, even for the woes of a frail unhappy ſiſter. But to return to my ſubject—The manners of the people at Aix, are, in general, affable, agreeable, and polite; the women are not famed for their modeſty, or for the ſtrictneſs of their conduct—There were ſeveral married women who lived openly with their gallants;

gallants; nor did their huſbands give themſelves much concern about the matter—There are ſeveral curioſities in the place, which ſtrangers are in general ſhewn, as the Town-houſe, the Great Church, Charlemagne and his wig—The firſt is a noble magnificent ſtructure, and is ſituated in the Market-place—there are ſeveral very handſome rooms in it—the Magiſtrates meet here to tranſact all their buſineſs—In the grand ſaloon are the portraits of the Ambaſſadors of England, France, Germany, and Holland, who ſigned the famous treaty of 1748, concluded at this place—They are painted by Rubens and Fourniers—the drapery of two or three of them is beyond deſcription good—There are paintings in ſeveral other rooms, which by no means diſgrace the artiſts who executed them—The elliptick arches to the cieling of moſt of the rooms have an elegant light appearance, and add

much to its beauty—The view from the Town-houſe over the country is very extenſive—The Great Church is not far from the *Maiſon de Ville*—It is a fine handſome building, and the architecture very peculiar—I hardly know to what order to attribute it—it bears moſt reſemblance to the Ionick, yet rather ſeems to be a mixture of all—The choir is very rich and elegant, and the whole church has a pleaſing air of grandeur and dignity with it—There are no very capital pictures to be ſeen in it of conſequence; you have no conductor, but muſt contrive to ſee it whilſt it is opened for divine ſervice, which is the greateſt part of the day--The next object, for the notice of ſtrangers, is Charlemagne, who, in all the pomp of imperial dignity, is placed erect *(ſad dire diſgrace)* in a cobwebbed cloſet, near the Town-houſe—You generally give the man who ſhews him you half-a-crown, which cannot

cannot be called a great ſum to ſee a great king—I know nothing remarkable about his auguſt Majeſty, but his wig, which conſiſting of five or ſix hundred curls, well adjuſted, and moſt amazingly powdered, reminds you of Mrs. Wright's waxen image of Lord Chatham in Weſtminſter Abbey—Charlemagne is carried, thus dreſſed out and powdered, thrice every year round the town, in order to imprint on the minds of the inhabitants, a due ſenſe of the benefits they have received from him—I believe it anſwers that effect, for you ſcarcely ſee any one, even the pooreſt perſon, who is not intimately acquainted with the liberality of the Emperor, and who has not the whole ſtory at their fingers end—Several go to ſee the priſon here, it is a fine old building, and the different wards kept very neat and regular; you ſeldom ſee many criminals, and ſtill fewer executions; all are beheaded for capital offences, though

not, I think, with the axe—the dreadful torture is made uſe of to extort confeſſion; I know nothing elſe here, that would in the leaſt gratify your curioſity—It ſeems very extraordinary to many, that ſo fine a city as Aix la Chapelle, from whence could be drawn a revenue, if properly managed, far exceeding that of ſeveral Princes of the German empire, ſhould have remained thus long a free city, and totally independent of any ſtate whatever----The Emperor, or Elector Palatine, from their ſituation, are moſt likely to take poſſeſſion of it; yet, as to the firſt, though I make no doubt but he would, with the greateſt avidity, ſnatch every opportunity of making what addition he could to the extenſive dominions he already poſſeſſes, yet it would be a bad ſyſtem of policy for him to ſeize Aix—The inevitable conſequence would be a war with France, whoſe claims to this city the Emperor knows

knows are equally as great and juſt as his own; and the little power and influence the Elector Palatine poſſeſſes amongſt the Princes of the Empire would be cruſhed and annihilated by ſuch a ſtep—it would not only be impoſſible for him to preſerve poſſeſſion of it, but alſo to defend his own dominions from the powerful, and too rapacious hand of the Emperor—Theſe are, in my opinion, the cauſes which have eſtabliſhed the liberties and independence of this city on the ſecure foundation which ſupports it at this moment; nor does it ſeem probable it ever will exiſt, but as an independent free city.—I think I have now detained you long enough in this dirty town—I have been longer, and more particular in my account of it, becauſe it is, in general, ſo little known to the Engliſh, as moſt make Spa the extent of their tour Northward—I think, in the ſpace of a very few years, Aix

la Chapelle will be much more reſorted to than it is at preſent—The improvements making in the town, and the publick building which is going forwards, and will be by next year completed, will render it a lively place—I took up my lodgings at the Hotel *D'Angleterre*, where I had very good accommodations, and conſidering it was at a public place, not at all extravagant---For every room you have you pay five ſkelins a night, which is very extravagant in proportion to the other charges—If you purpoſe ſtaying here for any length of time, the beſt way would be to hire lodgings; you may procure very handſome ones at a Louis per week---There are ſeveral very good inns at Aix, in particular that kept by Dubigh,—*Table D'Hotes* at almoſt all of them, at which you can dine for four ſkelins a head —There is one (I forget which) where ladies are admitted, and mix with gentlemen

—At

—At all the *Table D'Hotes* they follow the French cuſtom of dining early, ſeldom later than one—From Aix I took a coach and four horſes to Maeſtricht, which is ſix leagues diſtant— They will aſk you four, five, or ſix crowns, according to the ſeaſon and ſcarcity of horſes—It was ſo full a ſeaſon, that I was obliged to give ſix—The carriages are all moſt miſerably ſhabby, much inferior to the very worſt of our Hackney coaches—The road is but indifferent all the way—The country, however, is open and fine, and the land cultivated — The horſes are by no means bad, and ſeldom are longer carrying you from Aix to Maeſtricht than three hours—You may talk of coachmanſhip in England, but I never in my own country ſaw any thing to equal the dexterity with which the drivers (who have no box, but ſit on the near hind horſe) turn round the ſharpeſt winding and corners of the

the ſtreets, directing the two firſt horſes with cords, which are uſed inſtead of leather reins—You paſs through no place in your way at all conſiderable—The diſtance is, I think, ſomewhat better than three leagues.

MAESTRICHT

Lies rather low—you ſee it for more than two miles before you reach it—At your entrance, the ramparts, draw-bridges, and fortifications (the laſt amazingly ſtrong) preſent themſelves—Maeſtricht is ſituated on the Maeſe in the province of Brabant; that part of the town, which is on the Weſt ſide of the river, is in the province of Brabant, and ſubject to the Dutch; but the Wyche or Suburb, which lies on the Eaſt ſide of the river, is in the Biſhoprick of Liege, and that Prince has the civil government of it—The Dutch took this town from the Spaniards in 1632—The French King, however,

however, retook it from the Dutch more than forty years after the Spaniards had loſt it to them—At the treaty of Nimeguen in 1679, the Dutch had it again reſtored to them—The fortifications are now in the higheſt repair, nor do I know any place more ſtrongly fortified both by nature and art—At the time of my arrival, the inhabitants were in no little alarm from the Emperor, as in caſe of the commencement of hoſtilities, there is no doubt but Maeſtricht would, from its contiguity to the dominions of the Emperor, be the firſt place attacked—Yet, I am well perſuaded, that a ſmall body of diſciplined troops, well provided with ammunition, ſtores, &c. (and I am convinced, they might with eaſe ſtore themſelves with twelvemonths proviſion) would be able to defend it againſt any force that could be brought againſt it—I think myſelf juſtified in this opinion by the reſiſtance it made for four

four or five months in 1579 againſt an army of 20,000 men, commanded by an officer of the firſt military experience of the age in which he lived, the Great Farneſe, Duke of Parma—The garriſon did not then exceed four thouſand men, (in 1785 there were more than four thouſand moſt excellently diſciplined troops) and half of theſe were newly drawn from the adjacent country—men ignorant of military duty, and unaccuſtomed to hardſhips and diſtreſſes; yet, with all theſe diſadvantages, it was defended for the time I have before mentioned, with incredible obſtinacy and good conduct; nor was it at laſt taken but by ſurprize—The barracks here are very good — there were in them ſeven Dutch regiments, ſo that the town was quite alive—The troops were under the command of the Prince of Heſſe Caſſel, who is governor of Maeſtricht, and has his reſidence there—The ſtreets are in gneral

general very well built, and there are ſeveral very good houſes in appearance—The *Grand Marché* and the *Parade* are both fine open places, and ſome very elegant buildings in them---The civil government of the town is lodged in the Burgomaſter and Schepens ---There are not many curioſities here which would attract the notice of ſtrangers; they ſhew you the Town-houſe, two or three churches, and the ſubterraneous paſſage--- As to the firſt, I can ſay very little in its praiſe, the external appearance of it is but indifferent, the internal ſtill worſe; the churches are nothing capital---No very good pictures in any of them; they are in general neat edifices, and when you have ſaid this, you have ſaid all—The ſubterraneous paſſage I had the curioſity to go and ſee, though it was a full mile and an half from the inn---It is like all paſſages under ground ---They tell you it is poſſible to go all the way

way to Lille under ground by this paſſage, *Credat Judæus Apella, non Ego*---It is certainly of very great extent, and perhaps, even in length, you might go four or five miles---a man and boy light you, each with a torch---The moment you enter, you find yourſelf aſtoniſhingly oppreſſed with the cold, and the moment you come out, with the contrary ſenſation---It ſeems to be a kind of ſtone quarry, ſupported by a great number of ſquare ſtone pillars---All the ſtone they uſe for building in the adjacent country is fetched from it; and under one part of it I ſaw great quantities of hay and corn divided into ſmall portions —this is private property, depoſited there by the peaſants, to defend it from the inclemency of the weather; and ſuch is the force of honeſty in this country, amongſt even theſe poor illiterate peaſants, that I am told every man's property is as ſafe here as

under

under lock and key.--In time of war, this paſſage ſerves as a ſecure aſylum for the inhabitants to hide their goods in on the approach of an enemy—Your conductor ſhews you a part of the paſſage, where ſome years ſince a young lad fell down, I ſuppoſe not leſs than ſixty feet; he laid there between two or three days, was then found and taken alive, and is now living at Maeſtricht —I took a man from the inn to ſhew me all the curioſities of the place — not that there was any occaſion for it; but the poor fellow came and offered his ſervices ſo genteelly, and reſembled ſo much Shakeſpear's apothecary in Romeo and Juliet, that I could not reſiſt the inclination I felt to preſent him with a *petit ecu*, and I dare ſay his pride would not have permitted him to accept it as a douceur—The man who lights you through the ſubterraneous paſſage expects half-a-crown—The public amuſe-

ments

ments at Maeſtricht are very good, and I dare ſay the town is very lively in the winter, as many Dutch families of conſequence reſide in it. The *Comédie* is a very good one, performed by a French company, who are eſteemed very capital—I took up my abode at the *Moulin á Vent*—It is by much the beſt inn here, but there are none good; this inn is famous for good Champagne, I never drank ſo good in my life—it was however dear, eight ſkelins a bottle, which is four ſhillings Engliſh—All the way I have travelled from Bruſſels to this place the wines have been getting better, and dearer; Burgundy ſix ſkelins a bottle, and *Vin du Rhin* the ſame price—From Maeſtricht to Bois le Duc, you may go by water, but it is a wretched tedious conveyance—I therefore preferred land carriage, and hired at the Poſt-houſe a coach and four horſes, which I engaged to carry me thither in two days, for which I paid

I paid three Louis, a crown, one ſkelin, and ten liards, which is the regulated price —The Poſt-Maſter has (to make uſe of the words of an able and witty Senator, who, in a certain reſpectable aſſembly, often entertains his hearers by the ſprightlineſs of his fancy and brilliancy of his wit) a great deal of the *inſolence of office*, and thinks it derogatory to his dignity to uſe one word more than is abſolutely neceſſary—he is indeed a complete Flemiſh boor—As you enter, and as you go out of Maeſtricht, you are ſtopped at the gates to write your name, the next place you deſign to go to, with the inn at which you mean to lodge; but here, contrary to the former places, you find civility, and I may add politeneſs, without one intereſted view—you receive a low bow, and they do not expect (and probably, if you offered, would not accept) any douceur—The moment you leave

Maeſtricht, you get into an open, diſagreeable, flat country—The road is, for the greateſt part of the way, over a barren, ſandy heath, through croſs roads, which, in winter, muſt be often impaſſable—The country is very thinly populated, and you meet with but few villages—The only ones are Stockem, Brée, Weert, (commonly called Falcon Weert, from being famous for the breed of thoſe birds, and from which place Lord Orford in general procures them) which you paſs through the firſt day—You go forty-eight miles before night, and have a very long day's journey, almoſt as much as eighty miles in England—I would adviſe all who travel this road, to get out very early from Maeſtricht—I ſat out myſelf before ſeven o'clock, and did not get to the end of my day's journey till paſt eight at night—Had it been later in the year, I ſhould have got off much earlier, as it would have

have been very diſagreeable, as well as unſafe to travel ſuch roads in the dark—From Maeſtricht to within a league of Weert, you continue in the dominions of the Biſhop of Liege; afterwards you get into the Dutch territories—The people you ſee on the road look miſerably poor, and ſend all their children out to beg of you, as you paſs—You dine at Brée, which is a little bourck rather prettily ſituated — I muſt recommend to all travellers, when they enter their *Auberge* (in caſe it is on a Friday, or any day in Lent) to remember, that the firſt thing they ſay to their hoſt is, that they are Proteſtants; otherwiſe, though they have had nothing to eat ſince ſix o'clock in the morning, ſome weak ſoup, a few potatoes and oil, with a ſtinking pickled herring, will be all their dinner—I do not know what there was in my face, which induced them to ſuffer me to come within the pale of their church—I

am ſure, I never felt myſelf leſs inclined to embrace their tenets, than after the bad dinner I had---Very fortunately I found a piece of cheeſe in the houſe, which was the very beſt I had eaten, ſince I left England---The Dutch think they have this article of proviſions in the very higheſt perfection---I am not inclined to own it; I cannot think it can be compared with either the North Wiltſhire, or Cheſhire cheeſe of our country ---At the different places you ſtop at, you find none but the landlord and landlady who ſpeak French---The common people either ſpeak a confuſed jargon of their own, or Low Dutch---You ſleep at

EYNDHOVER,

Which is a very inconſiderable little town, though ſufficiently important to be under the

the government of a Burgomaſter and Schepens—There are two or three neat churches here; yet nothing to be ſeen in the inſide of them—Travellers would do well to get rid of their German money here, as the coin which goes current in Holland, is entirely different from the German; the chief pieces of money are,

The reyder, which is fourteen gilders.

The ducat, five gilders, five ſols.

The gilder, 20 ſols.

The ſtyver one ſol; beſides theſe, there are double reyders, half reyders, five ſtyvers and an half, &c. in common uſe—French crowns and half-crowns are alſo very current in every part of Holland—Eyndhover is only ſix leagues from Bois le Duc—When you get half way, you meet again the pavé, which forſook you when you left

Maeſtricht—When you come to a little village named Boxtel, the country grows delightfully pleaſant, and you ſee ſeveral gentlemens' elegant houſes. It is not a little remarkable, that all the way from Maeſtricht to Bois le Duc, you neither aſcend, or deſcend one hill, ſcarce is there any elevation of the ground the whole way —This is a circumſtance, I dare ſay, not to be met with in going the ſame number of miles in any other part of Europe, and which, in my opinion, makes very great amends for the barrenneſs of the country, and ſameneſs of proſpect—You are carried at Eyndhover to the Poſt-houſe, the ſign is, I think, the Star; and, conſidering it is ſo trifling a thoroughfare, the accommodations are by no means bad—When you reach

BOIS LE DUC,

BOIS LE DUC,

You are ſtopped, as uſual, for your name, &c. The entrance to this place is over two or three draw-bridges—the ramparts and fortifications appear very ſtrong---- This place, during the troubles of the war between Spain and Holland, ſuffered leſs than moſt towns; it was only beſieged once by Prince Maurice, but the Archduke Albert coming to its relief, he was obliged to raiſe the ſiege—in 1629, however, the Dutch ſucceeded better, and took it with very little reſiſtance on the part of the inhabitants, and ever ſince it has been ſubject to them— There is one regiment almoſt always in the town, and on account of the jealouſy ſubſiſting between the French and Dutch, (though the former are dignified by the latter with the

appellation of their *Great and Good Allies*) The new raiſed regiment of Count Maillebois was ſent there by the States a few months after I left the place — At Bois le Duc I know no curioſities worthy your attention; it is an ill-built, poor-looking town, and being no thoroughfare, muſt be in general very dull—I went down to look at the Baſon for the ſhipping, which is indeed no deſpicable one, though the veſſels are but ſmall; they carry, however, merchandize of different kinds to all the ports of Holland —There is a veſſel conſtantly ſails three times a week to Amſterdam, Rotterdam, and the Hague—However partial I may be to water carriage; yet it is only when that conveyance is certain, and the time of being on board limited, which is always the caſe when you go by the canals, yet I like not to truſt myſelf to the uncertainty, (which to me is worſe than the inclemency) with re-

ſpect to time of the winds and waves; and therefore I the rather choſe to go in the moſt wretched land carriage, which human ingenuity (or more properly human ſtupidity) could deviſe—They call the machine a poſt-waggon, and if jolting and ſhaking are eſteemed peculiar good qualities in a waggon, I know not any thing which has greater pretenſions to the title—Had the weather been at the freezing point, I am well convinced no one who travelled in ſuch equipage would feel the ſmalleſt inconvenience from cold—they reſemble very much the Newmarket rabbit caravans, and when I have ſaid this, I pay the poſt-waggons of Bois le Duc a very high compliment—I do not mean in this deſcription to include all the poſt-waggons of Holland, for I have really ſeen ſome built with very great taſte, and hung on a light and eaſy principle—I muſt, in juſtice however to the carriages of

Bois

Bois le Duc, acknowledge the cauſe of my bad conveyance, which was the grand fair of the town, this being an amuſement more followed after than any other in Holland; the young Damons had hired all the better ſort of carriages for their Phillis's—Bad as was my conveyance, I was glad to put up with it, and contented to pay ſeventeen gilders for it—I have entirely forgot the ſign of the inn I ſtopt at, it ſeemed not a very good one; yet, as we only ſtayed to breakfaſt, it did not much ſignify what ſort of an inn it was—The road from Bois le Duc to Utrecht is all through a croſs country, and ſometimes (even in the ſummer) impaſſable—You muſt think you have a good coachman, and remarkable good horſes, if you go as faſt as three miles an hour—you croſs the Maeſe and Rhine ſeveral times; each paſſenger pays two ſols, the carriage and horſes are paid for by the coachman—

You

You are ferryed by means of ropes fixed to ſtakes on each ſide of the river, which run by means of pullies—The only place you meet with in your way is

BOMMEL,

Which is about nine miles from Bois le Duc—It is the capital of the iſland of that name, ſituated on the Maeſe, and is in the confines of Brabant—This place was beſieged towards the cloſe of the ſixteenth century by the Spaniards—The Dutch, however, contrived to throw ſuccours into it, and the army of the States coming to its relief, obliged the Spaniards to relinquiſh their undertaking—Bommel has, on account of its important ſituation, been always well garriſoned, and the fortifications kept up at no ſmall expence to the States—

it

it had five hundred regular troops in it, under the command of the Prince of Heſſe D'Armſtadt, who is Governor of the iſland—It is as neat a town as ever I ſaw, and not unpleaſantly ſituated—It is the reſidence of ſeveral merchants and Dutch gentlemen of middling fortunes, who retire here to enjoy the *otium cum dignitate* at a moderate expence—You pay four ſols each paſſenger for liberty to paſs through this town—a kind of turnpike on the human race, which is demanded of you as you go out of the gates—We were detained ſo long here, from the owner of the ferry-boat not being to be met with, that we found it impoſſible to reach Utrecht that night — After going therefore not more than a couple of leagues from Bommel, we took up our reſidence for that night at a ſmall village, called Gelder-malſen—a moſt miſerable night's lodging it was; few hedge ale-houſes in England have

ſuch

ſuch very bad accommodations, and what added to the unpleaſantneſs, neither hoſt, hoſteſs, coachman, or any perſon in the houſe ſpoke any other language but Low Dutch, which was next to ſpeaking no language at all—I would recommend to all, who purpoſe travelling this road, to ſtay all night at Bois le Duc, and ſet out from thence by four o'clock in the morning—By this means they will avoid every inconvenience, and reach Utrecht the ſame night—From Geldermalſen, after you have gone two or three miles, the road mends much, —yet all the way from Bois le Duc, the country is miſerably poor—On each ſide the traveller beholds large ſwampy meadows, almoſt conſtantly covered with water—his journey is on a ſandy, heavy road, rendered doubly fatiguing by the immenſe quantity of rain that fell laſt autumn—The country is very thinly populated, and the people

people you do ſee have all the marks of extreme poverty and wretchedneſs—This, to an Engliſhman accuſtomed to ſee in his own country rich, cultivated corn fields, with dry, beautiful paſtures, is wretched beyond deſcription.

UTRECHT

Is rather prettily ſituated, and the entrance to it looks chearful—the face of the country mends in every reſpect the nearer you get to this city—This is the capital of the province of the ſame name, and ſtands pleaſantly ſituated on the Northern branch of the Rhine—it is the ſee of a Biſhop, and has a moſt capital univerſity in it; by ſome preferred to that of Leyden---Utrecht was the firſt province which reſiſted the collection of the tax on the ſubjects of his maſter

maſter in the Netherlands in 1672, which gave riſe to the revolt of the Low Countries ---The reſolute conduct purſued by the rulers in this city and province, in oppoſing the levy of the tenth penny, may with great juſtice be ſaid to be the original cauſe of the independency of the United Provinces; for as the other States had only agreed to the levy of this tax, on condition that all the provinces agreed to it, ſo this reſiſtance, on the part of Utrecht, annulled immediately the obligation—To the famous treaty of alliance, which was concluded between the provinces of Flanders, Friezland, Holland, Guelderland, Zealand, and Brabant, ſome years after the revolt, do the Dutch owe the foundation of their now flouriſhing and powerful republic; and this treaty of union has ever been conſidered by them, as containing the fundamental principles of their preſent conſtitution---In latter times

Utrecht

Utrecht has ſupported its conſequence by the famous treaty concluded here in 1713. The inhabitants of this province have been always famous for the turbulence and reſtleſsneſs of their diſpoſitions, and for a rooted averſion to the Stadtholder---Faction has been, for ſeveral months paſt, higher here than in any of the provinces---The Prince of Orange (for what cauſe I know not) is held in the greateſt deteſtation and contempt at Utrecht, and every thing done to thwart his meaſures, without conſidering whether they tend to promote the public good, or not---and their inveteracy is not confined to the Prince alone, but extends even to his partizans---A clergyman, a little previous to my going to Utrecht, having the imprudence to mix politicks and religion together in his ſermon, and to enforce from the pulpit a proper ſubmiſſion and reſpect to the Stadtholder, was driven from

from his church, and had nearly paid his life as a forfeiture to his raſhneſs and folly —And, as in ſo large a city, it is impoſſible an union of ſentiment can exiſt amongſt the different ranks of men in political affairs, ſo the weaker part have been obliged (as is in general the caſe) to yield to the ſtronger; and though diſapproving the violent meaſures of their opponents are, under the neceſſity of ſuffering their diſcontents to remain hidden, ready to burſt forth on ſome future occaſion, when it may be their turn to boaſt a ſuperiority in point of numbers, and conſequently in power. A merchant of Utrecht, not more than a fortnight before my arrival, having delivered his ſentiments in favour of the Stadtholder, with rather too much warmth, and too little reſerve, was marked out immediately by the oppoſite party as an object of revenge— They combined together to ruin him, and

by underſelling him in his trade, &c. &c. ſo far ſucceeded as to drive him from the city—It ſeems to me at preſent, that the reſolute tone in which ſeveral of the powers of Europe, eſpecially the late King of Pruſſia, have ſpoke their ſentiments to their High Mightineſſes againſt the impropriety and diſrepectfulneſs of their conduct to the Prince of Orange, has had in ſome meaſure the deſired effect, and will at laſt induce them to permit him the exerciſe of thoſe rights, and of that proper authority and power, always attached to the office of Stadtholder, and which the moderation and prudence of the preſent Stadtholder's conduct has certainly never juſtly forfeited—Utrecht is a very large populous city, and has ſome very fine churches in it, though (after coming out of a Roman Catholick country) they appear at a very great diſadvantage—Very few good paintings are ever

to

to be ſeen within the churches of Proteſtants—The church of St. Martin, at Utrecht, is an elegant building, the tower of it is three hundred and ſixty feet high —from the top you may very plainly ſee Amſterdam, and they tell you fourteen more conſiderable cities or towns—The day was, however, conſiderably too cloudy to ſee them when I was there—The ſtreets are built very regular, and ſome very handſome private edifices ſtand in them—The Mall is a very charming walk, and of a Sunday, or an holiday, crowded immenſely with the Bourgeois and their wives—There is a very noble priſon here, a raſp-houſe, and ſpin-houſe, the ſame as at Amſterdam—It is obſerved, that there are fewer executions in Utrecht than in any other province of Holland, and it is a great number of years ſince an execution has been here; there are alſo fewer debtors, and convicts of every

kind; I know not to what cauſe this can be attributed—The inhabitants of the Province boaſt much of this circumſtance—I think, however, they are more indebted to good fortune, than to any other cauſe—From Utrecht to Amſterdam, you may go all the way by water, and it is ſo delightful a ride by the canal, that moſt travellers, I am convinced, would prefer that mode of conveyance to any other—indeed very few people in Holland travel any other way than by water—There is a track-ſcoot ſails every day, or more properly ſeveral times in a day—I would adviſe thoſe who go by it, and who wiſh to be at all comfortable, to take the ſmall cabin to themſelves, otherwiſe they will be crammed into a place, where ſhould it be as bad weather as when I was conveyed by it, they will be almoſt ſtifled; the only inlets for air being in that caſe cloſed—The cabin you are put in, if you go

as

as a common paſſenger, a tall man can ſcarce ſit upright in, much leſs ſtand—thirty or forty people are ſtowed together in it as cloſe as poſſible, and thoſe of every deſcription and ſize——Merchants, Jews, ſailors, women, and children, promiſcuouſly crowd this wretched ſtowage — the men, for the moſt part, ſmoke all the way—This mode of travelling cannot therefore be very pleaſant to an Engliſhman—The ſmall cabin, at the ſtern of the barge, only holds four people, it is therefore neceſſary to beſpeak it over night, elſe you will hardly be able to procure it—You pay forty-two ſols for it, which is at the rate of ſix ſols an hour—For a place in the common cabin you pay only two ſols an hour (they reckon here by hours, not miles)—They travel here much faſter than in Flanders, and are ſcarce ſeven hours going from Utrecht to Amſterdam—All the way you ſee on each

ſide of you large handſome houſes, with moſt delightful gardens, which come quite down to the water's edge, and are laid out with a great deal of taſte and elegance—Theſe belong moſt of them to the rich Bourgeois of Amſterdam and Utrecht, who retire here (as our Engliſh cits do to the villages in the environs of the metropolis) from the hurry and buſtle of buſineſs, to enjoy a Saturday and Sunday's reſt, free from care and interruption—In this little ride you have a ſpecimen (and no unſucceſsful one) of the efforts of art to ſupplant nature—In a country unuſually ſwampy and marſhy, in the midſt of meadows covered with water, and ſcarcely a corn field to be ſeen, yet on the banks of the river, in this wretched ſituation by deſcription, and ſtill more wretched in reality, you ſee gardens laid out in a ſtile of elegance, which would do no diſcredit to the moſt fertile ſpot in the globe —The

—The water is all drained off by ſluices from the houſes, and I am informed they are all perfectly dry—The moment you reach the place of landing at Amſterdam, ſwarms of porters, moſt of them Jews, meet you with out-ſtretched arms, ready to graſp your baggage—They are all, for the moſt part, a ſet of iniquitous villains —The beſt thing a ſtranger can do, is to fix his eye upon one who is not a Jew, or (if he is a ſufficient good phyſiognomiſt) one who has the leaſt ſpark of honeſty written on his countenance — this man will fetch you a wheelbarrow, and, in the mean time, I would adviſe, that yourſelf or ſervants watch narrowly your baggage, to take care theſe light fingered gentlemen do not eaſe you of part of it— When all your things are put into the wheelbarrow, make your porter drive them before you to the hotel you mean to reſide

at—Give him for his trouble one, two, or three gilders, according to the diſtance; the landlord will, however, tell you his proper fare—I went to the White Hart, in Warmoes-ſtreet, which is in a very good part of the town, and is a good hotel, kept by one Lewis, who was formerly in our navy; he accommodates you well and reaſonably. On entering

AMSTERDAM

You are immediately ſtricken with the extreme neatneſs and grandeur of the city —Trade here wears a moſt flouriſhing, chearful aſpect, nor do you ſee one idle fellow in the ſtreets—This city is ſituated on the river Amſtel, and is eſteemed the greateſt port in the world, yet the entrance to it is ſo very dangerous, and attended with ſuch

ſuch diſadvantages, that it is very inconvenient, as well as hazardous, for loaded ſhips, and men of war, to enter it—The foundations of this city are laid on large piles of wood, driven into the moraſs, the Stadthouſe alone having near 14,000 to ſupport it—This city, in the fourteenth century, was only a little inſignificant fiſhing town; ſince that time it has riſen to the ſtate in which it is at preſent—a ſtate of magnificence, grandeur, and riches, not to be ſurpaſſed, and ſcarcely to be equalled by any city in Europe—It has in ſeveral inſtances evinced the reſources it poſſeſſes within itſelf, independent of the other provinces—It was amongſt the laſt cities which acceded to the confederacy of the States, nor did it ſhake off its allegiance to Spain till the year 1578, ſix years after the firſt breaking out of the diſturbances in the Low Countries—Surrounded at this time by enemies

mies on all ſides, deprived of its inland trade by the States, who forbad any communication with them, while under the Spaniſh yoke, it was obliged (though with reluctance) to accede to the confederacy, and ſubmit to the government of the States —In the year 1672, Louis XIVth invaded the United Provinces, and ſuch brilliant ſucceſs at firſt attended his arms, that, in the courſe of a few weeks, he gained poſſeſſion of the provinces of Gueldres, Utrecht, and Overryſſel, and had he not waſted his time at Utrecht in vain pomp and uſeleſs parade, all the United Provinces would undoubtedly have fallen under the dominion of France— At this period Amſterdam alone retained the ſmalleſt degree of courage or reſolution —The rapid ſucceſs which had attended the arms of the French Monarch had ſtruck ſuch a panic into the other provinces, as deprived them of all ability to make any exertions

exertions for the common good—The conduct of Amſterdam raiſed them from the ſtupor into which they were fallen—That city alone made thoſe exertions which aſtoniſhed all Europe—The Magiſtrates appointed an extraordinary guard of the Bourgeois—the populace were kept under ſubjection by the influence of money—ſhips were ſtationed to guard the coaſt, and prevent ſupplies from coming to the French army—the greateſt part of the adjacent country was alſo laid under water—Theſe precautions (intelligence of which was conſtantly tranſmitted to the French Monarch) induced him to give up the attempt of any further conqueſt that campaign, and he returned, crowned with laurels, to Paris, amidſt the congratulations and rejoicings of his ſubjects, who, in viewing the glory he had acquired from his rapid ſucceſſes, forgot the price at which they had been purchaſed,

chaſed, as well as the little advantage they were likely to derive from it—Not more than three months after his return, the Provinces were recovered by the States, and their old maſters reſumed the government.—I ſhall now proceed to give you an account of the public buildings, curioſities, &c. in this place; and as the government of the different cities in Holland vary very little, I ſhall detain you juſt long enough to give you ſome idea of the internal policy of Amſterdam—I ſhall begin with the public buildings, &c. and ſhall premiſe my account by informing you, that after you have been in the Netherlands, and ſeen the churches of the Roman Catholicks, you will find none here which claim your attention.

The Town-houſe is the firſt building I ſhall recommend to your notice—It was erected

erected in the year 1648, and does very great honour to the different artiſts, who have been employed in the deſign and execution of the building, both within and without—In the architecture of this edifice, you find three orders, the Ionick, Roman, and Corinthian, all ſo happily blended together, as to ſhew the diſtinct beauties of each—The different apartments, hall, &c. are extremely well proportioned, and through the *tout enſemble* reigns an elegance and juſt proportion, which ſtrikes the beholder at firſt ſight—The hall is about one hundred and ſixteen feet high, more than two hundred and eighty long, and between two hundred and fifty and two hundred and ſixty in breadth, ſo that it is in fact almoſt ſquare—To take up your time with giving you an exact repreſentation of the rooms, ſtatues, buſts, paintings, &c. would only be putting your patience to a ſevere trial, nor could

could be intereſting to any but thoſe who have been on the ſpot, and who may buy an antient Engliſh tranſlation of the curioſities, &c. to be ſeen at the Town-houſe, for ſomething leſs than ſixpence, of an old woman who ſits at the bottom of the ſtairs—I ſhall, however, venture to mention ſome, amongſt the many things, to be ſeen within this building, which particularly attracted my attention, and will (I doubt not) moſt of thoſe who viſit Amſterdam—In the firſt place I would recommend to your notice in the *Salle de Haute Juſtice* (for your attendant ſpeaks French, and therefore I ſhall uſe this language in giving you the names of the different apartments) three pieces of moſt beautiful white marble *en bas relief*, between eight and nine feet high, and at leaſt ſix broad—Theſe contain antient hiſtories, as of King Solomon deciding the famous diſpute between the two harlots—

harlots—Seleucus, lawgiver of Locria, loſeing his eye to preſerve one for his ſon, condemned to loſe both, being convicted of adultery—Brutus witneſſing the death of his ſons, who ſuffered as traitors to their country; all theſe are of the moſt beautiful marble, and ſtrongly expreſſive of the different repreſentations they are meant to convey, and are the work of that very eminent maſter, Artus Quellin, of Antwerp—The ceiling in the *Salle de Bourgeois* has been done after the deſigns of John Goeree, the painting executed by Hoogzaat, and the architecture by Gerard Rademaker—it deſerves your notice very much—though to particularize the ſeveral beauties of it, would be only doing it a very great injuſtice, as well as in part anticipating the pleaſure you will receive from viewing it—In the chamber *des Bourgumaitres* is a moſt beautiful picture, which repreſents the ſon of

Fabius

Fabius Maximus, who, during his conſul-ſhip, obliged his father to alight from his horſe when he approached him—this is the work of John Lievenz, and is executed wonderfully well—You ſee not far from it a picture of Ferdinand de Bols—the ſubject of which is the fortitude and patriotiſm of Fabricius, ſent Ambaſſador by the Romans to Pyrrhus, whom neither threats, nor flattering promiſes, could entice from his allegiance to his country—There is alſo here a picture of Joſeph and his brethren, two or three beautiful portraits of Mary de Medicis, and ſome others not very capital—In the chamber *Du Conſeil* is an excellent picture by Flink, of Solomon aſking wiſdom of the Almighty; and another, repreſenting Moſes chuſing ſome of the elders, as judges in common affairs—this is the work of John Brankhorſt—In the hall of *Beaux Arts*, which is the marine office, you ſee a number

of

of precious pieces of painting and ſculpture, ſome of which belong to the Stadthouſe, and ſome to the different artiſts reſiding in the city, who wiſh to ſell them, and therefore place them there for the inſpection of ſtrangers—In the *Schephen's Chamber* are ſeveral very good pictures, amongſt which there is one of Moſes giving the law to the Iſraelites; another repreſenting the children of Iſrael in the deſart, who, in the abſence of Moſes, worſhip the golden calf; the colours of theſe are in the higheſt preſervation imaginable, and will, I am ſure, particularly pleaſe you—In the *Secrétaire* you are ſhewn the pictures of Mary de Medicis, and of Charles Vth, both of which are eſteemed very excellent paintings—The cieling in the Treaſury *Ordinairé* particularly merits your attention, it is remarkably elegant, and boaſts the fertile invention of Holſtein—The ſtatues in the cabinet *Des*

Bourgue Maitres are well worthy the notice of all thoſe who are curious in ſculpture—The eight which repreſent Venus, Diana, Cybele, Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Mercury, and Apollo, are the fineſt and moſt beautiful white marble, as large as life, the work of the very beſt maſters—At the bottom of the gallery, between the pillars, you ſee ſeveral beautiful pictures, deſcriptive of the wars between the antient Batavians and Romans—one repreſents the conſultation between Claudius Civilis, and the Chiefs of the Batavians, to ſhake off the Roman yoke—this piece is executed by Ovens—Another deſcribes the peace concluded between the Batavians and Romans, is eſteemed amongſt the *chef d'œuvres* of that excellent artiſt, Jordaans—There are two or three other pictures executed by the ſame maſter, one repreſenting Samſon ſlaying the Philiſtines with the jaw-bone of an aſs; the other,

David

David in the combat with Goliah—In the ſeveral rooms there are different paintings by Vandyke, Rubens, Vander Hulſt, and other eminent artiſts, yet not a great number, in my opinion, which would gratify your curioſity—It is worth your while to go up to the top of the Town-houſe, from which you have the moſt extenſive and pleaſing view over the whole city and part of the adjacent country—To the woman who ſhews you the Stadthouſe, it is cuſtomary to give a gilder; and two, if the company are numerous—On the ground-floor of the Stadthouſe is the priſon for malefactors, which, on account of the neatneſs of the wards, and the regularity and good order that are preſerved, is well worth your attention—There was but one criminal under confinement when I was there—you are ſhewn the horrid inſtruments of torture, and which, I much fear, are often uſed to

extort proof, when it is no otherwiſe to be obtained—On the ſight of theſe inſtruments, an Engliſhman reflects with heart-felt ſatisfaction on the ineſtimable bleſſings (which amidſt all the diſadvantages and burthen of taxes) he enjoys in the ſo truly boaſted liberty of his own country, where he knows his life, property, and every thing valuable to him, are protected by laws, agreed to by the majority of his fellow countrymen, to which even the higheſt ſtations are amenable---Tried by his own peers, he feels conſcious of being acquitted, if innocent; and puniſhed, if guilty—he fears no torture, no violence, to produce a confeſſion of imaginary guilt, when none real exiſts —I regard it as one of the moſt extraordinary circumſtances in the civil government of the United Provinces, that a criminal cannot be capitally convicted by the concurrent teſtimony of a thouſand witneſſes, except

except he himſelf confeſſes the crime laid to his charge, which, if he will not voluntarily do, he is immediately put to the rack, where it is very ſeldom (however innocent he may be) that he poſſeſſes fortitude ſufficient to withſtand the excruciating pain of this ſevere puniſhment for a ſuppoſed offence—If he confeſſes his crime, the depoſition is taken down, and he is releaſed from the torture—Two ſurgeons and phyſicians ſtand by the whole time (as your conductor informs you) to ſee juſtice done him—When his life is in danger, they order him to be taken off—To ſhew, however, the futility of the torture, there has been an inſtance lately here, of a maleſactor, who reſiſted all the excruciating pains of the rack, and of every other torture, which the invention of the moſt cruel genius could deviſe—Though undoubtedly guilty of the crime laid to his charge, as the proof

againſt him amounted to a certainty, yet they could not make him confeſs his guilt—Juſtice, however, forgot herſelf here, and the civil power took a ſtride, which, in the moſt tyrannical government, it would ſcarcely have dared to do; though, according to the fundamental maxims, (as I have before related) puniſhment can only follow confeſſion; yet this poor wretch was executed, under pretence that he was inſolent to the magiſtrates, which certainly was an offence, which could not in juſtice be puniſhed more than by confinement, or by a ſlight chaſtiſement—Who is there amongſt the warmeſt advocates for deſpotiſm and tyranny, that can reconcile this breach of juſtice with any ſyſtem of policy? I agree with moſt of thoſe who launch forth in praiſe of the laws of the United Provinces, that they are in general neither ſanguinary nor ſevere; yet this is an inſtance of ſuch unheard-

unheard-of injuſtice, as would not have diſgraced the annals of a Nero—The allowance to criminals is very handſome, and at the expence of the States; that to debtors, at the expence of their creditors, by which we may account for the very few debtors confined in the jails of the different provinces—In Holland there are ſeldom more than five or ſix executions in the year—they are in general beheaded; yet for murder, aggravated by atrocious circumſtances, they are broke on the wheel—I will now beg leave to conduct you to the *Bourſe*, after having noticed that the jailor will expect, and be ſatisfied with ten ſtyvers. *La Bourſe* was erected in the year 1615, for the convenience of the merchants, who aſſemble here about one o'clock to tranſact their buſineſs—The buz which runs through the place at full change, with the buſy countenances of the Mynheers, particu-

larrly attract a ſtranger's attention; this is very much like our Royal Exchange in London—On the pillars you ſee the different ſhips laid on to ſail, with the time and place of their deſtination—The Exchange is kept moſt remarkably neat by men paid for that purpoſe—Several make a point of going to ſee the Raſp-houſe---the building itſelf is nothing remarkable, and the inſtitution much on the ſame plan as our Bridewell—Over the door, when you enter, you will ſee the following inſcription, *Virtutis eſt domare, quæ cuncti pavent*; and cloſe by, is the figure of a woman, repreſenting Puniſhment with a whip in her hand, and two offenders chained at her feet, with this inſcription, *Caſtigatio*—The ordinary taſk of the convicts was formerly the raſping of logwood, from whence the houſe had its name—At preſent, however, linen and woollen manufactures being eſtabliſhed within

in the Raſp-houſe by order of the States, a great number of the convicts are employed at them—their confinement is for a ſtated time, in proportion to their offence; I never heard of any being confined for life. The regularity and order you obſerve here ſtrikes you no leſs with aſtoniſhment, than it claims your approbation—The morals of theſe people are taken the utmoſt care of, and a clergyman, at the expence of the States, attends daily to inſtruct them in the principles of the Chriſtian religion—There is an apartment in the Raſp-houſe (but which is not ſhewn to ſtrangers) in which the diſſipated and libertine ſons of the Bourgeois are confined; they cannot, however, be placed here without the conſent of the Schepens--Maſters are ſent to inſtruct them in reading, writing, and accounts; and alſo clergymen employed by the parents, to endeavour to bring them back to a ſenſe of their duty—You are obliged

liged to pay two ſtyvers each to ſee the Raſp-houſe, though it will coſt you ten or twelve more before you get out—The Spin-houſe is for women what the Raſp-houſe is for men—The building has a very chearful, pleaſant appearance, and bears more reſemblance to an houſe of pleaſure than to one of pain—On entering, you ſee over the door an inſcription in Dutch verſe, deſcriptive of the intention of the building—The ſame regularity and good order reigns here as at the Raſp-houſe—During the time in which the women work, a perſon appointed and paid on purpoſe, reads to them ſeveral chapters in the Bible, makes them join him in ſinging pſalms, and by every means in his power, endeavours to win their minds to ſobriety and good conduct, and to eradicate thoſe principles of immorality and vice, which have brought them to the ſituation, in which you ſee

them

them—There are ſeparate apartments in the houſe for thoſe frail daughters of the Bourgeois, who have not conducted themſelves *comme il faut* — To ſee this, you pay at much the ſame as at the Raſp-houſe, it coſts you likewiſe two ſtyvers; but the poor wretches flock about you ſo thick, begging alms, that you would find ſome difficulty in denying them all—The Muſick-room I would by all means have you viſit—it is the moſt extraordinary amuſement in a well-regulated government, that the ingenuity of the moſt depraved age could invent—There are ſeveral of them in Amſterdam; one (and I believe the moſt principal) is in a narrow ſtreet, leading from Warmoes-ſtreet —The room is about thirty feet long, and half as broad—On benches round it are ſeated promiſcuouſly, the gay, thoughtleſs, and diſſipated, with the ſedate, ſober, and matronly—Cloſe by each other, you ſee one

one of the frail ſiſterhood, and the grave wife of an honeſt, plain Bourgeois—In the room are ſeveral inſtruments of muſick, the performers very wretched---much in the ſtile of our ſtrolling fidlers---On my entrance, a very plain, matronly, modeſt-looking woman roſe from her ſeat, and ſtroking her petticoat with wonderful gravity and compoſure, walked a minuet with a *girl of the town*---After this was over, two or three men ſelected as many women, and danced with them a kind of medley, ſomewhat in the nature of an hornpipe, though attended with many obſcene geſtures, and ridiculous grimaces; and this, with a minuet now and then, laſted the whole night. If any perſon feels an inclination to be acquainted with any part of the company, though ignorant of the language, a nod will be ſufficient---and, at the expence of fifty ſols, or leſs, all his

wiſhes

wiſhes may be gratified—The time of going to the Muſick-room is at eleven o'clock, when the high market commences, and which ſcarce ever cloſes till three or four in the morning. Had I not been an eye-witneſs of this moſt extraordinary ſcene, I ſhould have given very little credit to it myſelf, much leſs ſhould I have ventured to vouch for its authenticity to you—At the expreſs deſire of an Engliſh gentleman, who was there (and who related to me the particulars of this inſtitution, without meeting with the moſt implicit credit from me) I went to inform myſelf of the truth of his report, and do aſſure you, that there really exiſts in a country, whoſe general police equals, if not exceeds, that of any city in Europe, an amuſement ſuch as I have before repreſented, and to heighten your aſtoniſhment, licenſed by the magiſtrates. I am informed, from the ſeveral places in the

city

city of this kind, a revenue is drawn, not leſs than a million of gilders annually. You do not pay any thing to enter theſe places; yet it is cuſtomary to call for a bottle of Claret, for which they charge you ten ſtyvers. The *Comédie* both in winter and ſummer, will be a fund of amuſement to ſtrangers—in the winter it is performed by a Dutch company, and in the ſummer by a French one. The plays are got up with a great deal of taſte, and there are ſome excellent actors in both companies —I ſaw the *Deux Avares* performed moſt excellently—the price is much the ſame as in the German Theatres.—I ſhall now cloſe my account of the curioſities worthy the obſervation of travellers—I know not any church, the ſight of which would repay you for the trouble of the walk. The ſynagogue belonging to the Portugueſe Jews (for there are different ſects of the Jewiſh church

church who have ſynagogues here) is the only religious edifice worth ſeeing, and perhaps you would find no little difficulty in procuring a ſight of this—There are two or three good monuments in the old, as alſo in the new church of naval officers, among which are thoſe of Heemſkirk, De Ruyter, Vander Hulſt, &c.—The ſculpture, however, is nothing extraordinary—the epitaphs on ſóme of them very good—I ſhall now proceed to my obſervations on the government of Amſterdam, in which, leſt I ſhould appear prolix, I ſhall firſt beg your indulgence, and I flatter myſelf, even the incorrect account I am able to give you of the different parts which conſtitute their civil and eccleſiaſtical government, will enable you to form ſome tolerably juſt notions of the nature of their conſtitution, as well as give you ſome inſight into the manner of a people, who, by their own induſtry, frugality,

lity, and prudence, have raiſed themſelves from an inſignificant dependent power to a powerful and independent State. I have been more particular in my account, as moſt of the cities vary little in their internal police from Amſterdam—I ſhall begin with the civil government, which is committed to the following officers:

Thirty-ſix Senators, or Members of the Grand Council.

Grand Bailiff.

Four Burgomaſters.

Nine Eſchevins.

Penſionary.

Treaſurer Ordinary.

Treaſurer Extraordinary.

Intendant of Orphans.

Clerks

Clerks of Account.

Commiſſioners of the Bank.

Commiſſioners for Inſolvents.

The Borrowing Bank.

The Office for ſetling trifling affairs.

The Office for the affairs of the Marines.

Reviewers of the Exciſe and Cuſtoms.

The thirty-ſix ſenators repreſent the body of the people, and watch over the laws and rights of the citizens, to take care that they are not abuſed or altered; nor can the Burgomaſters make any alteration in the laws without their conſent. All the principal affairs, either of the republick or city are entruſted to their care and management—On the deceaſe of any of them the number is filled up by election.

The Grand Bailiff is a kind of Chief Juſtice, whoſe office is to correct all tranſactions of the law—His power, however, is very comprehenſive—the power of arreſting criminals comes from him—he interrogates them in perſon, and ſigns their confeſſion—demands the infliction of puniſhments due to their crimes, and executes judgment upon them. He has in his train a Secretary, Sergeant, Keeper of the priſon, and thirteen Archers.—The Secretary takes down the accuſation, as alſo the confeſſion of the priſoners.—The Sergeant or Bailiff brings the priſoners before the Grand Bailiff. — The Archers follow him either in part or the whole wherever he goes—they conduct all the delinquents to priſon, apprehend them, and are preſent at their executions.—The office of the Keeper is chiefly to execute the commands of the Grand Bailiff and Schepens.

The

The dignity of Burgomaſter is the moſt conſiderable of any in the States — There are always four governing Burgomaſters — Every year, on the firſt of February, three are elected, who, with one of the preceding year, take charge of the affairs in their department — Generally the old ones are employed as Treaſurers, or as Deputy Counſellors to the States of Holland, or to the Admiralty — No perſon can be admitted to the rank of Burgomaſter, till he has been a Bourgeois for ſeven years, and exerciſed ſome conſiderable civil employment — The four reigning Burgomaſters may convoke the council whenever they chuſe — their inſpection extends to moſt departments — Conjointly with the Treaſurer, they have the ſuperintendance of all public edifices, of the ſtreets, canal, fortifications, &c. They are not, however, in the capacity of Judges; nor do any civil or criminal offences

come under their cognizance,—but (as I have before ſaid) belong to the juriſdiction of the High Bailiff. The Burgomaſters are, nevertheleſs, at the executions, and in either civil or criminal cauſes are often aſked by the Grand Bailiff for their advice—All the offices of the city are in their nomination,—and the Directors of the different churches, the Governors of the hoſpital, are all under their direction, and muſt give in their different accounts to them—There cannot be a more diſintereſted, impartial office than that of Burgomaſter—nor do they ſhew more favour in their deciſions to their own countrymen than to ſtrangers.

The office of a Schepen is a very different one—they were formerly called Jurats, becauſe they are obliged, before they enter into office, to ſwear that they will preſerve the

the laws and cuſtoms of the State inviolate —There are nine of them—Seven new ones are elected annually, much at the ſame time the Burgomaſters are—The thirty-ſix Senators aſſemble, and chuſe fourteen perſons, who are preſented by them to the Stadtholder, and the Prince elects ſeven out of that number—the two old ones of the laſt year unite with the ſeven new ones, one in quality of Preſident, the other of Vice Preſident—The Schepens ſit in judgment and pronounce ſentence, both in civil and criminal matters, and in the abſence of the Grand Bailiff diſcharge the functions of his office—Immediately after the election of the Burgomaſters and Schepens, all the different vacancies in the public offices are filled up; thoſe which relate to civil affairs, are in the nomination of the Burgomaſters—thoſe which relate to criminal in that of the Schepens.

The Penſionaries are men well verſed in the laws of their country, as well as in thoſe of foreign nations.—They act in the ſame light as counſellors to the Burgomaſters and Schepens, who ſeldom tranſact any buſineſs of conſequence, without previouſly conſulting them. In any treaty with foreign nations, one of them is generally ſent in the capacity of Embaſſador from the States.

The office of Ordinary Treaſurer is generally exerciſed by one who has the preceding year ſerved the office of Burgomaſter —He keeps an account of the receipts and payments of money made by the city—he takes care of the regiſter of debts, and has the ſuperintendance of the buildings, ſtreets, &c.

The buſineſs of the Extraordinary Treaſurer is to receive the tenth penny impoſed by

by the States on the rent of houſes in the city—All the taxes and extraordinary impoſition of the States paſs through his hands—and to this officer is paid the intereſt of the money borrowed by the other cities of the United Provinces of Holland.

The Intendant of Orphans is a guardian appointed to protect and take care of the perſons and property of thoſe children, who have loſt their parents in the early dawn of life.

The Clerks of Accounts are appointed as checks to the Treaſurers, and have liberty to examine the accounts of the ſums received and paid by the city; and they alſo receive the tax of the hundredth and two hundredth penny.

The Commiſſioners for the affairs of marriage take to themſelves the office of Judges

in all matrimonial caſes—they keep a regiſter of the publication of the bans of all thoſe who are going to be married—if any objection is made by the relations of either of the parties, or by the parties themſelves, they examine the validity of it—Inſtead of an action being brought for the breach of promiſe in either party, (the redreſs which our laws afford to the injured perſon) an appeal is made to theſe Commiſſioners, who decide according to their judgment—Through means of theſe officers divorces are obtained, when ſufficient grounds can be proved—differences between man and wife, between maſter and ſervant, in caſes of aſſault, in fine. every thing which relates to the preſerving the peace of the city, comes under their cognizance, and from them only can redreſs be had.

The

The Commiſſioners of the Bank are officers of the greateſt conſequence in the State, (becauſe the moſt uſeful) I ſhall, therefore, beg leave to detain you ſomewhat longer than you may perhaps like, in my deſcription of the duties of this office.—Theſe Commiſſioners examine with the moſt minute care, an account of all the exports and imports made by the merchants in the provinces.—Their Bank is the treaſury of all the Merchants, not only of the city and province of Amſterdam, but alſo of all the commercial cities in the ſeven United Provinces. It was eſtabliſhed in the beginning of the ſeventeenth century, not more than a twelvemonth after the concluſion of the peace between Spain and Holland—It is a general Bank, where all the world have liberty to put their money, and to draw it out when they like; but every one who keeps money there, muſt

pay

pay one hundred and twenty ſols for opening his account, and two ſols for every ſum of money he draws out—Notes (in the nature of our draughts upon Bankers) are given by the Merchants on the Amſterdam Bank, to people with whom they have commerce, of whatever nation they may be—The money of the Bank is worth more than the current coin—the difference is from three to five per cent, that is, a man pays into the Bank an hundred and five florins current money, for which in return he only receives an hundred florins Bank—This is what they term *Agio de Bank*, or the price of exchange—The Bank is always kept open for the receipt of notes, draughts, &c. from ſeven to eleven in the morning—If, however, you ſhould carry one after that time for acceptance, you muſt pay ſix ſols, or they will not give you caſh for it—They have a very good regulation at this Bank,

which

which is, that no man under pain of forfeiting three florins for every hundred, draw on the Bank for any greater ſum, than he has effects lodged there to anſwer it.—The Commiſſioners of the Bank ſettle their accounts twice a year, in January and July.

The office for ſettling trifling affairs, decides in all points which regard the property of individuals, where the debts do not amount to more than ſix hundred florins, it matters not, whether they relate to debts of money, or merchandize — Cauſes of this nature cannot be carried before the Schepens, yet an appeal can always be made to that Court.

The Commiſſioners for Inſolvents meet to take into their hands the affairs of bankrupts—They have a Secretary whom they ſend as ſoon as a bankruptcy is known, to take

take an inventory, in preſence of two Commiſſioners, of all the effects of the bankrupt—and all the ſettlements between the debtor and creditor muſt come under the cognizance of theſe officers.

The Borrowing Bank is a kind of pawnbroking warehouſe, where money is obtained by pledging your effects, whether clothes, furniture, moveables, &c. — The intereſt, however, taken, is extremely ſmall, even inferior to that allowed by our government to be taken by pawnbrokers, as eſtabliſhed by Act of Parliament in 1784.

The office for the affairs of Marine is different from the Admiralty-office —It is the umpire of all diſputes between maſters of veſſels and merchants, between pilots and maſters, between ſtowers and pilots, &c. &c.

To

To the Receiver of the Exciſe are paid the duties laid by the city on all ſorts of liquors, ſuch as wine, beer, vinegar, &c. &c. and on moſt kinds of grain. The Receivers are confined to the city, they have not any power to make levies on the State—Beſides all the officers I have before mentioned in a civil capacity, there are twelve or more Secretaries of the city, who are in the ſervice of the Burgomaſters and Schepens—they are in general either brothers, ſons, or ſome near relation of the Burgomaſters.

I ſhall now proceed to my account of the eccleſiaſtical government—that liberty which all nations, all ſects, (and every individual) have of exerciſing the religion they profeſs, and wiſh to practiſe, united to the benevolent care and attention of the Magiſtrates to provide for the poor of every denomination,

denomination, whether objects of compaſſion or not, has had as ſurprizing an effect on the population (and conſequently in ſuch a government, on the wealth) of the States, as the liberty and convenience of commerce, or the induſtry and frugality of the Dutch —The rage and perſecution under which the Netherlands a long time groaned, by the oppreſſive and tyrannical hand of Spaniſh deſpotiſm—the bigotry of Philip the Second, who, imbibing the rancour and inveteracy of the Romiſh church againſt the apoſtates to its tenets, reſolved to impoſe faith by the point of the ſword, and conviction by force, not by argument, drove many of the inhabitants of Ghent, Bruſſels, and Antwerp, who had imbibed the newly propagated tenets of the Lutheran church, to ſeek an aſylum in the different cities of the United Provinces — They brought with them the arts and manufac-

tures

tures of the country, and Holland is more indebted for the extenſion of her commerce to a vindictive rage and perſecution of its moſt cruel enemies, than to the exertions and vigour of its warmeſt friends—Amſterdam, though almoſt the laſt city (as I mentioned before) which threw off its allegiance, yet poſſeſſed amongſt numberleſs other advantages, an entire liberty of conſcience in matters of religion, when under the Spaniſh yoke—It reluctantly therefore came into the views of the other provinces —The government of the church and of all ſpiritual affairs, is in the hands of three diſtinct orders, viz.

The Preachers (indiſcriminately called Miniſters).

The Elders.

The Deacons.

The

The Preachers are the firſt order—there are about thirty of them; the ſame number of Elders, and between forty and fifty Deacons. The Miniſters teach and enforce the belief of the reformed religion, as eſtabliſhed and received by the States at the Synod held at Dordrecht in the year 1618—They alſo baptize and adminiſter the ſacrament;—the Elders hold the ſecond rank in the eccleſiaſtical government, and are a kind of adjuncts to the Miniſters; they accompany them on their viſits for the purpoſe of propagating the reformed religion, and it is their buſineſs to admoniſh and reprove all thoſe whoſe conduct they think reprehenſible. The Deacons hold the loweſt rank in the church—they are generally very reſpectable, deſerving men; they take on them the trouble of collecting alms and donations, given for the relief of the poor, and diſtribute it on particular days, either

in

in ſpecie, bread, meat, or clothes, whichever ſeems to them moſt proper for the relief of the different diſtreſſed objects — The eccleſiaſtics aſſemble at ſtated periods in an hall ſet apart for that purpoſe. Their power, however, is very limited; the churches of the city alone come under their cognizance, for as to general affairs, which regard the church, they are all ſettled at the Synod, held in the Province. I know not any ſtate in Europe, where the jealouſy between the civil and eccleſiaſtical power, is carried to a greater height than in Holland—I think a ſtronger inſtance cannot be given than the following: whenever an aſſembly is held of the different orders of the church, to ſettle or regulate any matters within its juriſdiction, the magiſtrates always ſend two officers, in quality of deputies, who take care to prevent any political queſtion, which may affect the government, from being diſ-

cuſſed—All the the different churches have their particular Directors, who order every thing relating to building or repairing the ſame; they alſo let out the pews, and manage every thing relating to the tombs and ſepulchres—yet in the room of being accountable to any part of the eccleſiaſtical government for their conduct in office, they are accountable only to the Burgomaſters—Strange intermixture of civil and religious government!—At Amſterdam almoſt every religious ſect (Mahometan excepted) have it in their power to pay the Deity their adorations undiſturbed, and even unnoticed. The Engliſh, French and German Proteſtants, have their particular churches—The Lutherans of the confeſſion of Augſburg have two or three publick places of worſhip. The antient Armenians, the Mennonites, and Tremblers, have free exerciſe of their religion; they have, however, no

no public meeting. The Roman Catholics have more religious places of aſſembly than all the other ſects put together; yet, though their churches are very well known, the States are ſuppoſed to be ignorant of them—There is a Greek church alſo, where the Catholic Perſians meet—The Jews here are divided into two diſtinct ſects or tribes, Portugueze and German, and have between them half a dozen or more ſynagogues—The Jews, however, neither alive or dead, are willing to have any communication with Chriſtians, and have, therefore, burying grounds in different parts of the city, remote from the reſt, ſome at the diſtance of a mile or more from Amſterdam—There are ſeveral convents and monaſteries in this city, as the different order of *Les Cordeliers*, *Les Paulins*, *Les Clariſſees*, &c. &c. moſt of theſe conform to the order of St. Auguſtin, and other religious orders

in France. I ſhall now take my leave of eccleſiaſtical affairs, and proceed to give you ſome little account of the police of the city. I do not know any city in Europe, which exceeds that of Amſterdam in its police—The regularity and order you obſerve in the ſtreets, with the chearful face of induſtry the whole city wears, ſtrikes a ſtranger immediately with aſtoniſhment and admiration—There are here about one-third of the inhabitants there are in London—the ſtreets are none of them ill built, though the buildings are rather too crouded. The city is very well lighted, there being near three thouſand lamps in the different parts of it, which burn from ſun-ſet to ſun-riſe all the year round—You ſeldom or ever hear of any robbery, or other diſorder, being committed; for immediately that notice of ſuch an event is given, the gates are ordered to be ſhut, and every one paſſing through muſt

ſubmit

ſubmit to a ſearch; warrants are alſo iſſued by the magiſtrates for ſearching all ſuſpected houſes, ſo that it very rarely happens, that, with theſe precautions, either the goods or the offender remain long undiſcovered—There are only a ſtated number of coaches with wheels at Amſterdam, from an apprehenſion of their ſhaking the foundations of the city, which are laid (as I have before ſaid) on piles of wood. There are, however, innumerable quantities of coaches, which are placed on a ſledge, without wheels, drawn by one horſe, the man walking cloſe to the ſide of your window, and which will carry you to any part of the city at a very moderate price—however, you frequently meet with the owners of theſe carriages very impoſing, and you had better therefore when you return to your hotel, ſuffer your landlord to pay him, as he knows a great deal better than you the

proper method of dealing with theſe fellows—The narrowneſs of the ſtreets at Amſterdam, together with a propenſity to ſmoaking, either from habit, or neceſſity, make it very ſurprizing, that fires are not more frequent in the city; for it is no uncommon thing to ſee a Dutchman (even the very boors) carry a lighted pipe through the warehouſes whilſt they are at work—There are two cauſes to be aſſigned, why it is not probable that fires ſhould ſpread much at Amſterdam. The firſt, that there are guards ſtationed all night at the tops of the different towers and high places round the city, who the moment they perceive a fire, ſound an alarm-bell, and place a light on that ſide where the fire is. The ſecond, that the convenience of water in almoſt every ſtreet, running cloſe to the houſes, together with the number of engines, and the regularity and order in which they

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are kept, render it almoſt impoſſible that they ſhould be attended with very bad effects—and here I cannot reſiſt the inclination I have to give you ſome account of the management of the engines, which are all indeed under the direction of the magiſtrates, though not immediately—Theſe engines are diſtributed in various quarters of the city, and to each of them there are two or three Directors, called Brandmeeſters, a ſet of the moſt pompous, authoritative fellows in the univerſe, each of them carry a round ſtick like our conſtable's ſtaff, on which are painted the arms of Amſterdam —They have alſo pendent, either to a ribband or ſtring, a key which unlocks the place in which the engines are kept—The Brandmeeſter, however, is only a ſuperintendant—The conſequence of ſo pompous a fellow, would be hurt moſt exceſſively, ſhould he ſubmit to the drudgery of wheel-

ing, exerciſing, and cleaning the engines —No—this falls to the lot of an inferior kind of gentry, called Brandſpuit Luidens, who practiſe their profeſſion at the Exchange, Admiralty, and India-houſe, during the ſummer ſeaſon—The importance and ſtate of Brandmeeſter ends not here —In addition to the Brandſpuit Luidens, he has officers under him called Aſſiſtants, who, in the abſence or illneſs of the Brandmeeſters, act as their ſubſtitutes— On the firſt alarm of fire, the engines hurry and rattle along the ſtreets, much as ours do in London. The firſt which arrives is paid the moſt—yet all to the twelfth have ſome pecuniary reward in proportion to their arrival. Thoſe who come afterwards are liable to a fine, which is generally inflicted.

I ſhall

I ſhall now proceed to my account of the guard of the city, which is committed chiefly to the Bourgeois—They compoſe five regiments, in each of which are twelve companies—theſe are all diſtinguiſhed by particular colours, as blue, green, yellow, &c. like our trained bands in the city of London-----Every night four companies mount guard at the Stadtholder's houſe, and other public buildings. The turn of theſe ſixty companies comes only once in fifteen days—on the day, two drums beat near the houſes and lodgings of thoſe who are to mount guard. All who are ſixty years of age, as alſo Jews, are exempted from mounting the Bourgeois guard—indeed any who diſlike this office may have their attendance diſpenſed with, by procuring a ſubſtitute, or paying a fine, which is not very great—There are alſo at Amſterdam, as well as in all the cities of the

United

United Provinces, another kind of guards, under the title of *Les Gardes de Nuit*.—The number of theſe are in proportion to the ſize of the cities, and number of ſtreets—At Amſterdam, I am informed there are between two and three hundred---each of them are paid five ſtyvers a night during the ſummer, and half that ſum in the winter, as they are relieved—This money is raiſed by a tax on beer, vinegar, paper, the tolls of the city, &c. &c. In moſt of the cities in Holland, theſe guards walk about with a ſword dangling at their ſide, and a large ſtick in their hand, like our watchmen in London, which does not give them a very martial appearance. I muſt do them, however, the juſtice to ſay, that they are in general a very fine, healthy-looking body of men, reſembling in nothing the poor decrepid watchmen which we ſee in London, ſave in their office—At Amſterdam,

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in the room of ſticks, they carry a long pole ſimilar to our halberd, and walk two by two; in other cities they walk ſingly—They are on duty in winter from ſix in the evening to the ſame hour in the morning; during the ſummer ſeaſon, only from ten till three The inhabitants call this guard by ſeveral different names, as Raatelman, Klaapperman, Waaker, &c. all deſcriptive of the thundering noiſe they make with an inſtrument they carry about with them, called *Un Martinet de Bois*—Theſe they ſound very often, to let the people know that they are upon the watch, and that they are the defenders of their perſons and property—Indeed, you are all night diſturbed with the noiſe of theſe inſtruments, ſo that a ſtranger, inſtead of ſuppoſing himſelf in a ſtate of ſecurity, rather fancies he is an inhabitant of a beſieged citadel---I think, excluſive of the aforementioned guards, there

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are but two companies of regular troops, which are of North Holland---No inhabitant of Amſterdam can attain the right of Bourgeois, except by marriage, or paying a particular ſum---and every one, who quits his country, and goes to reſide in any other part of Europe, forfeits immediately all his privileges, except he keeps a houſe and domeſtics at Amſterdam, in which caſe he retains all his rights. The Bourgeois (or Burgeſſes) are exempted from tolls of every kind, both for themſelves and their property, though for the latter, I believe it is neceſſary to have a kind of paſſport---No city exceeds Amſterdam in its number of charitable inſtitutions, or in the regularity and order preſerved in them---It is computed, that no leſs than ten thouſand paupers (including thoſe at the hoſpital) are ſupported at the expence of the States, and by private contributions. What country in Europe can

can boaſt of charitable inſtitutions, ſuperior to the following, viz. *La Maiſon de Charité pour les pauvres Familles*, where more than one thouſand four hundred are ſupported---*L'Hoſpital*, where a certain number of ſick and wounded are admitted, and maintained at the expence of the States, and under the immediate direction of the chief magiſtrates of the city.---*Maiſon des Lepreux*, an inſtitution originally deſigned for the relief of thoſe who were afflicted with the leproſy, but (which diſorder having been for ſome time happily unknown) is now converted into an aſylum for old men and women, who, on paying a ſmall ſum of money, are maintained the remainder of their lives.---*L'Hoſpital des Orphelins Bourgeois* for the reception of the poor unfortunate children, bereft of their parents in infancy, who are maintained and educated at the expence of the States, and when

when arrived at a proper age, are put out to different trades, as the boys from Chriſt's Hoſpital in London---*La Cour de Veuves*, a building erected for the reception of widows, who have fallen into diſtreſs—An houſe called the *Bayard*, which receives indiſcriminately all deſcriptions of paupers, and affords them three nights lodging, and three days meat and drink—To this inſtitution, we may, I think, attribute the ſcarcity of beggars to be met with in the ſtreets of Amſterdam, and which, when we conſider the extent of the city, is no ſmall matter of aſtoniſhment—Theſe are a few, out of a great number of public edifices, erected for the purpoſes of charity—I will now take my leave of this city, in the account of which, if I have appeared tedious, you will impute it to an unwillingneſs of giving you only a ſlight and imperfect ſketch of the government of the United Provinces—From

Amſterdam

Amſterdam there are boats, which ſail every half hour to Haerlem, and carry you there in two or three hours—the fare is only nine ſols—The country all the way is marſhy and flat, no gardens of any conſequence, nor any thing to enliven the ſcene—Indeed, there can ſcarcely be a more diſagreeable ride.

HAERLEM

Is a ſtrong, well-built city, in the Earldom of Holland, and is ſituated twelve miles Weſt of Amſterdam----The ſtreets look very neat, though they are not broad, or make a grand appearance---It is a very conſiderable place, and is very prettily ſituated ---It ſtands in the middle of a large plain —on the one ſide a large wood, on the other the branch of a river, which, I think, they call

call the Vaert—In ſuch a ſituation, it is almoſt impoſſible that any force ſhould be able to reduce it, except by famine—The obſtinate and gallant defence, which the people of Haerlem made againſt the arms of Spain, conducted by Frederic de Toledo, ſon of the bigotted and cruel Duke of Alva, though more than two centuries ago, is ſtill recent in the memories of the inhabitants, and will ever live in the minds of all lovers of true heroiſm and ſpirit—To this very day, the people talk with horror of the cruelties committed by the Spaniards on their anceſtors, after the town had capitulated on conditions, for the performance of which Toledo had pledged his honour—Near a thouſand men, who had ſurrendered their arms on promiſe of ſecurity in their perſons and property, were butchered in cold blood by the vindictive and perfidious Spaniards —Near this city is the lake called Haerlem

Meer

Meer, famous for the naval engagement between the Spaniards and the Dutch; the firſt, wherein the former came off deciſively ſuperior in the event—Haerlem carries on a very briſk inland trade, and has ſeveral manufactories of ſilk, linen, velvet, tapes, &c.—Moſt ſtrangers viſit this place to hear the famous organ in the great church—To hear it in perfection, you muſt have it played on purpoſe for you, which will coſt you ſix or ſeven gilders—twice a week (of a Tueſday and a Friday) at twelve o'clock, you may hear it for nothing—This is eſteemed by judges the fineſt inſtrument of the kind in the world—I know, however, a gentleman, who is inclined to doubt its ſuperiority to any other, and was not willing to give a preference to this organ, above one he met with in a convent of Benedictine Monks in Cantania—This gentleman followed the rout of Brydone, who

himſelf mentions this organ in terms of very great praiſe—There are ſeveral things at Haerlem, which will engage the attention of all the learned and curious—This town is famous for having given birth to the ingenious Laurence Coſter, reputed to be the firſt inventor of printing—You are ſhewn the houſe in which he lived—It is now a Stationer's, where you may buy a print of him for two ſols—In the *Maiſon de Ville*, you ſee his firſt rude eſſays of printing, as alſo Tully's Offices, the firſt book printed in Europe—All naturaliſts pay a viſit to the very capital collection of curioſities of Doctor Van Marum, who is Grand Director of all the natural curioſities for the provinces of Holland—You ſend your names to him, and he appoints an hour for ſeeing it—The collection conſiſts of birds, beaſts, inſects, minerals, foſſils, &c. is eſteemed a very good one—The Doctor will give you,

you, if you deſire it, a ticket to ſee Teyler's Muſeum, the founder of which inſtituted a ſociety, which goes by the name of *Teyler's Theological Society*, the intention of which is to encourage diſſertations on natural and revealed religion—the diſſertations are given annually, and prizes adjudged to the beſt performance.—In Teyler's Muſeum, the different members of natural philoſophy meet to conſult and make experiments—There is only one good room, which is extremely lofty, ſpacious, and handſome—All the philoſophical inſtruments, both below ſtairs, and in the gallery above, are kept in caſes, which are not opened to ſtrangers—There is a vaſt range of mahogany book-caſes; not many of them are, however, filled—The library indeed ſeems quite in its infancy—They ſhew you a large mahogany table, in which the ſociety keep their manuſcripts and papers, which, they inform you, took

two years in making—It is very handſome, highly finiſhed, and neat—I was particularly recommended to viſit the gardens of Mr. Hope, the famous banker at Amſterdam, which are not a mile diſtant from Haerlem; but I cannot ſay they in the leaſt anſwered the expectations I had formed of them—And in a country, where gardens are the only luxury much indulged in by the natives, and to procure which, they ſpare neither pains or expence, theſe of Mr. Hope appeared rather inſignificant—At all the aforementioned places, it is neceſſary to give a gilder to the different ſervants who ſhew you about---I would recommend as an inn, the Golden Fleece, which is very near the Great Church, and is a very reaſonable good houſe—The ſon of the maſter ſpeaks Engliſh, and will attend you to the different places in the town worth ſeeing, which ſaves you going over a great

a great deal of unneceſſary ground—Oppoſite your inn, are the markets for butchers meat and for fiſh, very much reſembling, in their neatneſs and manner, thoſe at Bath—Proviſions are here extremely good, as well as reaſonable—I cannot take my leave of Haerlem, without mentioning the Hoſpital, called the *Proeveniers*, which is a very fine large building, in which perſons of both ſexes and all ages are admitted and kept all their lives in board and lodging, and at their deaths are buried at the expence of the hoſpital—They pay for admiſſion three or four thouſand gilders, according to their age—The track-ſcoot ſets out from Haerlem to Leyden every two hours---it is full a quarter of an hour's walk to it from your inn—You pay for your paſſage ſeventeen ſols, and two more to the driver—The diſtance is near ſixteen Engliſh miles---The ride is not pleaſant---You ſee few villages, no

gentleman's ſeat of any conſequence, and not a corn field the whole way—all ſwampy meadows, and the country, as before, diſagreeably flat—The entrance to

LEYDEN

Is, I think, pretty, though its ſituation is low—It is in the province of Holland, ſituated on the old channel of the Rhine.—Leyden is, in my opinion, the prettieſt city in Holland; by pretty, I mean, neat, compact, and well built—They tell you, that the air of the place is very prejudicial to the health, owing to the ſtagnating waters of the Rhine. This obſervation may be well founded, yet appearances ſeem to give the lie to it, for I ſaw as many healthy and old people at Leyden, as in any other city of the provinces—You ſee a ſurprizing number of bridges and canals here; of the former,

former, near an hundred; of the latter, between twenty and thirty — The Rhine runs through Leyden — in appearance only a canal, and loſes itſelf in the ſea, only ſix miles from the city — In the conteſt between the Spaniards and the Dutch, in the ſixteenth century, Leyden ſuffered very conſiderably, and monuments remain, even to this day, of the damages done to the public edifices, &c. during the ſiege in 1574 — There is ſcarce an inhabitant of Leyden, however mean and low his ſituation, who cannot give you a diſtinct narrative of the ſiege from beginning to end — The miſeries to which they were reduced by famine, feeding for a conſiderable time on the fleſh of horſes and dogs, (their bread having been all conſumed ſeveral weeks) the ſpirited and heroic valour of the garriſon, with the very extraordinary manner the States took to relieve them, by laying the whole adjacent

country under water; all theſe circumſtances are related to ſtrangers with wonderful ſatisfaction by an inhabitant of Leyden —There are ſeveral things worth obſervation in this city, as the Anatomical School, the Phyſic Garden, the Univerſity, the Cabinet of Curioſities, the Town-houſe, and Berg — The Anatomical School deſerves the attention of every one, but more eſpecially of the faculty—The ſchool conſiſts of a large pile of brick building, three ſtories high, in the uppermoſt of which, the truly ingenious Elzevir had his printing room — the building is nothing ſtriking without—within is a good library, and ſeveral curious ſkeletons—The Phyſic Garden is a very extenſive piece of ground, though not kept in the beſt order imaginable—botaniſts think it a good collection—for my part, I profeſs myſelf no adept in the ſcience—There was nothing which particularly

cularly attracted my attention, ſave a fine large palm-tree, more than a century old —The Cabinet of natural curioſities contains ſome very precious morſels for the naturaliſts' eye—to enumerate the different articles is unneceſſary;—on the whole, I think it a very good collection, ſuperior in ſize, and number of curioſities, to that of Van Marum, in Haerlem, though inferior in point of order and arrangement—The Univerſity conſiſts of one large building, very antique and ſhabby in appearance—It contains ſeveral ſchools, wherein exerciſes are kept for the degrees, ſimilar to our two Univerſities.—In 1785 there were four hundred and fifty ſtudents, with twenty-four profeſſors—They ſhew you a room, in which are the portraits of moſt of the profeſſors, ſince the inſtitution of the Univerſity, which was in 1575—Some of them are extremely well executed—Among the reſt,

reſt, you ſee the heads of Scagliger, (who was only an honorary member) Boerhaave, Baſil, Helvetius, &c. they ſhew you the houſe in which Boerhaave lived, and in the church of St. Peter's is his tomb—The library belonging to the Univerſity, is an extreme good one—There are many thouſand volumes of books, and more than one thouſand five hundred Oriental manuſcripts, which, by the literati, are eſteemed of infinite value—At a little diſtance from the Univerſity is the States College for young men, whoſe parents are not in a ſituation to give them Univerſity educations—Theſe are all found in meat, drink, and clothing at the expence of the States, and, after taking their degrees at the Univerſity, are ſent on any miſſion which the States may chuſe—The Town-houſe has an handſome external appearance, within there is nothing particular to ſhew you—There is one picture

ture pointed out to you by your conductor, which has certainly great merit—the ſubject is the day of judgment—It is much eſteemed by connoiſſeurs, and is the work of a very good artiſt (Lucas) of this town—In other rooms, there are ſome tolerably good pictures—The Berg all Engliſhmen viſit—It is an artificial hill built by Hengiſt, after his return from the conqueſt of England; from the top of it you have a fine view over the town and environs, and from this place it was, that the inhabitants, when beſieged by the Spaniards, kept watch to diſcover their motions—At all theſe places it is neceſſary to give a double five ſtyver and an half piece, which is eleven ſols—The ſtreets of Leyden are in general well built, and moſt remarkably clean—The Broad-ſtreet is one of the fineſt you meet with in any of the cities of the United Provinces—The inns are not very extraordinary—If your

ſtay

ſtay is only for a few hours, or even for one night, I would recommend you to the City of London, kept by Salter, an Engliſhman—The houſe is but ſmall, yet you meet with very good and reaſonable accomodations. If you have a large party, or ladies with you, the Golden Fleece is a more eligible houſe—The accommodations, though not much better, being on a much larger ſcale. From the inn to the place from whence the track-ſcoot ſets out, to the Hague, is a conſiderable diſtance. If you have more baggage than your ſervant can take, you may have a porter, who will convey it for *eleven ſols, however weighty it may be. You are three hours going to the Hague by the track-ſcoot, and pay fifteen ſols for your paſſage—when you have got two-

* For the ſake of brevity I ſhall make uſe of the term of eleven ſols, inſtead of a double five ſtyver and an half piece.

two-thirds of the way, you change boats, and a man ſtands ready to convey your things, with a paper in his hand, which fixes the ſum he muſt take for moving your baggage from one track-ſcoot to the other, and this you may compel him to produce, if he is unwilling. The country is greateſt part of the way very flat, though I think the appearance not altogether ſo diſagreeable as it has been ſince I quitted Amſterdam. There are two or three pretty villages, and ſome country ſeats, with gardens well laid out.—When you arrive at the

HAGUE,

It will be again neceſſary, if you have baggage, to have recourſe to the aſſiſtance of a porter, who will convey it to any inn for eleven

eleven ſols. I would recommend to you as an hotel, the *Mareſchal Turenne*, which is a moſt excellent houſe. The *Parliament of England* is moſt frequented by the Engliſh, though, excluſive of the name, I know not in what it has the preference—The ſituation of the Hague is low, but very pretty—not being ſurrounded by walls, they term it only a village—the ſtreets are broad, and more regularly built than moſt of the towns in Holland—You ſee ſome very elegant houſes in the different ſtreets—At this place, the act of abjuration (ſo called from their renouncing their allegiance to Spain) was paſſed in the Grand Aſſembly held here, at which attended moſt of the Deputies from the Provinces—There are ſeveral buildings and curioſities at the Hague, which would employ a ſtranger's time well, two or three days—To ſee them, I would adviſe you to take a *Lacquey de Place*—at the

the *Marſhal Turenne* there is an excellent one, an old fellow, who ſpeaks both very good French and Engliſh—He has been in this capacity theſe thirty years, and is very intelligent and well informed—The different buildings and curioſities deſerving your attention are, the *Houſe in the Wood*, the *Hotel for the Grand Council of the States*, the *Houſe belonging to the Stadtholder*, the *Old Palace*, the *Collection of pictures and natural curioſities* belonging to the Prince of Orange.—I ſhall beg leave to point out in each of theſe, what particularly attracted my attention.

The *Houſe in the Wood* is a pretty ſhort drive of a mile—This is the ſummer reſidence of the Prince—The ſituation of the houſe, though low, is very pretty---There is great quantity of wood, and no more water about it than one would wiſh

---There

---There are only two or three rooms which are ſhewn to ſtrangers---In one you ſee the family pictures of

Prince Frederick, ſon to William Iſt.

Prince of Orange by his ſecond wife.

William IId.

Elector and Electreſs of Brandenburgh, ſiſter to William IId.

The grand ſaloon is a moſt ſpacious elegant apartment—The wainſcot and cieling entirely painted----the ſubjects of them are the birth, military education, creation of Stadtholder, victories, triumphs, and death of Frederick Henry—theſe are painted by different maſters, and the performance altogether is moſt exquiſitely done—The triumph by Joaardens is eſteemed the beſt —Rubens' moſt capital picture of the Cyclopes is in the grand ſaloon.

The

The *Hotel* for the Council of the States contains ſome large, though not very elegant rooms—The apartments for the tranſaction of all buſineſs, relating to the country, are diſtinct from thoſe ſet apart for tranſacting foreign affairs, and are ſhewn you by different people---In them are ſome tolerable pictures, two by Rubens, La Guerre, and La Paix, deſerving well your notice—The tapeſtry you ſee in the rooms is from Bruſſels---Part of it repreſents the penſionary Barnevelt, receiving his ſentence from Prince Maurice; the other that great Patriot de Witt, who, with his brother, was torn in pieces by the mob---I ſhall give you ſome account of this horrid maſſacre, as very poſſibly you never have heard it ---At the time when Louis XIVth invaded Holland, towards the cloſe of the laſt century, all the different Provinces were agitated by factions, which made

them an eaſy prey to the ambition of the French monarch—The parties headed by the De Witts, and the Prince of Orange, were the moſt inveterate, and, on account of the conſequence of their leaders, the moſt formidable—The utmoſt virulence and malice actuated their proceedings — The people ſided with the Prince, and impeached Cornelius de Witt, accuſing him of a deſign to murder the Prince of Orange—They put him to the torture, to make him confeſs the crime laid to his charge—he bore the pain with a fortitude exceeding belief; a conſciouſneſs of innocence ſupported him through the painful, inhuman operation, nor could any thing like a confeſſion be extorted from him—The Penſionary, his brother, confident how unjuſtly and unworthily he had been treated, had ſupported him during his whole proſecution; and when he was ſentenced to baniſhment, went

went to the priſon to accompany him to the place of his exile—The leaders of the Orange faction then gave the bloody ſignal —the mob broke open the priſon doors, pulled out the two brothers, and tore them to pieces—The murder of theſe two men (though it excites our horror and reſentment) was yet, in a great meaſure, the means of preſerving Holland—The factions, which exiſted in their life-time, now ſubſided, the animoſity of party was extinguiſhed, and unanimity ſucceeded in its room—The Prince of Orange was unanimouſly elected Captain General of the forces of the Republick, and, by his vigilance and abilities, retrieved the ſinking fortune of the United States—The Penſionary De Witt, even by his greateſt enemies, was allowed to be a man of immenſe abilites, cloſe and indefatigable in buſineſs, and poſſeſſing, to a moſt wonderful extent, the art of conciliat-

ing the affections of mankind—Sir William Temple, in his letter to Lord Arlington, on the concluſion of the treaty of Breda, bears witneſs to his integrity and ability—*I found him, (meaning De Witt) as plain, direct, and ſquare as any man could be, though often ſtiff in points, where he thought any advantage could accrue to his country; and for his induſtry, no man had ever more*—Indeed, from an impartial view of his conduct in the different poſts he held, this ſeems to be a juſt character of him—Cornelius, his brother, with leſs ſplendid talents, poſſeſſed an uncommon ſhare of induſtry, which made him uſeful to the States; a ſound and good underſtanding, with a zeal and attachment to his country, which deſerved not the treatment he met with—To return, however, to my ſubject—In another room, you ſee portraits of the Stadtholders for many years back—there are ſeveral other

paintings

paintings in the different rooms, but none, in my opinion, very extraordinary.

The houſe for the Stadtholder is a large handſome building; but the rooms are ſmall, not any of them in the leaſt ſpacious —ſome of them are fitted up with great taſte, eſpecially thoſe of the Princeſs. In the cabinet of the Prince, are the miniature pictures of all the houſe of Naſſau, and a few other inſignificant portraits—In almoſt every room you ſee the portrait of the preſent King of Pruſſia—In the Princeſs's antechamber, you ſee a great deal of very handſome china, a beautiful china clock of exquiſite workmanſhip, all made a preſent by the King of Pruſſia.

The old palace is a very elegant building, at a different part of the Hague---this is the houſe of the Prince, the other is

built for him by the States, and he is obliged to reſide in it; he, however, in the winter, gives all his grand entertainments at the old palace, and every Thurſday is a publick day here with him. The ball-room is very large and well built, though not, I think, very elegant; in it you ſee a large, full length portrait of Charles XI. The whole of theſe rooms are very commodious. In one of the ſmall apartments, you ſee a number of buſts of the ancients, and with them ſome modern, as thoſe of Voltaire, Rouſſeau, &c.---In another room there are ſome excellent models of ſhips of two decks; ſome very tolerable pictures are ſhewn you in the different apartments, amongſt which are twelve hiſtorical ones of Roman tranſactions in the reign of Nero, for which they tell you George Iſt. offered twenty thouſand pounds---the portraits of the preſent King of England, of the Dukes

of

of Glouceſter and Cumberland, the Queen of Denmark, &c. &c.---There are ſeveral others, ſome good, ſome bad, but I ſhall not take up your time by particularizing them — The Prince's collection of paintings (though I profeſs myſelf no *amateur* in the ſcience) I will venture to pronounce a very capital one---It is but very ſmall, the maſters are ſelected from among the beſt of the Flemiſh ſchool---Amongſt the moſt capital are the following, which, I doubt not, will afford you no ſmall pleaſure in viewing — Rubens' ſecond wife, a good picture, yet, in my opinion, not ſo capital as the one I have before mentioned ſeeing at Antwerp---A battle by Wouvermans, a moſt excellent morſel, valued at thirteen thouſand florins--Laurence Coſter, by Lucas of Leyden---A cattle piece, by Potter, of ſo exquiſite a performance, that near thirty thouſand florins have been offered for it.

Several paintings of flowers by **Van Os**, an inhabitant of the Hague.

Several landſcapes, by a painter, whoſe name I have forgot, but who was always drunk—There are ſeveral others, but none, I think, equal to thoſe I have mentioned—the cabinet of curioſities, belonging to the Prince, is reckoned a very good collection—Naturaliſts take much pleaſure in viewing it—To me, who have ſeen divers collections without thoſe emotions of joy peculiarly characteriſtick of the *amateurs* of this ſcience, the collection is far from entertaining, and, I think, inferior to that I have before mentioned to have ſeen at Haerlem—Whilſt I was at the Hague, I took a walk as far as Scheveling, which is a charming pretty village on the ſea-coaſt---The walk is extremely pleaſant, there being on each ſide of you a row of fine large lime-trees, which, uniting their boughs, ſhelter you from the rain,

rain, and ſhade you from the ſun, and, being for a mile and a half quite ſtraight, form the moſt agreeable *coup d'œil* imaginable.

Scheveling is famous for being the place from whence Charles II. embarked for England at the Reſtoration---This is ſo pretty a walk, that every one, if they had time, muſt like to take it---To ſee the places I have mentioned, it will be neceſſary to give your conductor eleven ſols, which, if your company is ever ſo large, will be ſufficient—I have not attempted to give an accurate and particular account of the Hague, and its curioſities, yet, I flatter myſelf, thoſe who are there only a few days, will find my account not altogether unworthy their notice—From the Hague, I had again recourſe to my old friend, the track-ſcoot, for conveyance to Delft—The country is much the ſame as before, flat and

and ſwampy—You are not more than an hour going it, and you pay four ſols for your carriage—When you arrive at

DELFT,

You ſee a pretty, neat town, ſurrounded by meadows, and canals in moſt of the ſtreets—There are a great number of trees in the town—It is defended againſt inundations, (which uſed formerly to be frequent) by three large dams or dykes—Trade is not ſo briſk here as formerly it was, but merchants, retiring from buſineſs, often fix their reſidence here, which makes the place very full. The great manufactory of earthen-ware, from hence called Delft-ware, is going to decay very faſt, from what cauſe I will not pretend to ſay—This place was made famous (or more properly in-

famous)

famous) by the murder of William I. Prince of Orange, the greateſt patriot, and moſt extenſive genius of that or any other age, who fell by the hand of an aſſaſſin, named Balthazar Gerard, who was inſtigated to perpetrate this act of villainy, either by the reward offered in the proſcription of the Spaniſh king, or by the bigotry of his religion, which induced him to think, the depriving an heretick of life, a meritorious act—I went to ſee the mauſoleum of the Prince, who is buried in the New Church —it is railed in, and therefore not to be approached very near—There are two figures attached to it---one of braſs---the figure in the poſture of ſitting, his helmet and ſword cloſe by his ſide—the weight of the whole figure is ſupported by the toes---The other is of fine white marble, full length lying on a matraſs, at his feet a dog, as emblematical of his faithfulneſs---around him are Peace,

Truth,

Truth, &c.---the pillars are all blue, and of the fineſt marble—Over the figures are the arms of the Orange family—On the right ſide of this monument is a moſt beautiful piece of ſculpture, the obeliſk of the famous Hugo Grotius, who lies buried in this church—You ſee his buſt of fine white marble, which is ſaid to be very like him—Under it is a catalogue of his works, which are very numerous. I am well aware, that I have not given ſo accurate an account of Delft, and the curioſities worthy obſervation in it, as even a few hours ſtay might have furniſhed me with---I could, however, derive no information from any one but a ſtranger or two, who came on the ſame errand as myſelf, but who ſat out from home with better intelligence than I had---My conductor in the New Church was a Dutchman, who underſtood not one word of any language but his own---I went

afterwards

afterwards to the Old Church, where are to be ſeen the monument of the famous Admiral Van Tromp---The tomb of Mademoiſelle Van Mornix, of Admiral Peter Heyn, and of Anthony De Lowenhock---To the firſt is attached a full length marble figure of the Admiral, his head reclining on a cannon, and above is inſcribed, in Latin, his heroick conduct, martial virtues, and numerous exploits---Over this inſcription are the arms which Louis XIII. preſented to him after the battle of Duyns---Beneath is repreſented the laſt combat which he had with the Engliſh in the year 1650, in which he loſt his life, and the Dutch fleet was afterwards entirely defeated, and eſcaped to the Texel with the loſs of more than thirty ſhips, and above a thouſand priſoners ---The ſculptures employed in the monument are Keyſer and Hulſt---The tomb of Elizabeth Van Mornix was erected in

1611

1611---This lady was daughter of the famous Philip Van Mornix, and wife to Col. Morgan---This is of the very fineſt white marble, with red veins in it, which give it a moſt beautiful appearance---The figure is in the attitude of praying, and ſeems very juſtly proportioned---The monument of Admiral Peter Heyn was erected at the expence of the States, to perpetuate the memory of this gallant officer---It is of white and black marble---he is repreſented as in armour, with one hand on his helmet — The beauty of workmanſhip in the matlat, or mattreſs, on which he ſtands, has excited the notice of all connoiſſeurs in ſculpture — This Admiral was a native of Delft, and took the town of St. Salvador from the Portugueze in 1624, and in the following year took many valuable ſhips from the Spaniards and Portugueze; he was at laſt killed in a combat before Dunkirk

kirk in the fifty-firſt year of his age—The obeliſk of Anthony De Lowenhock is of moſt exquiſite white marble---his buſt is a very good one, and ſaid to be a great reſemblance---he was a member of our Royal Society, and well known in the philoſophical world for the extent and fertility of his genius, and more particularly as being the firſt inventor of microſcopes---he died in the beginning of the preſent century, and this obeliſk was erected to his memory in 1739---The ſculpture is the work of Van Gieſen---I know nothing in the church beſides, that deſerves your notice ---From hence to Rotterdam the track-ſcoot ſets out from the gates every hour ---you pay ſeven ſols for your paſſage--- The ride is ſomewhat more pleaſant, from its affording you greater variety than Holland in general exhibits---You ſee every now and then a corn field, which, in this country,

country is a *rara avis*. Some beautiful houſes, and well laid-out gardens again attract your attention—The ride is only three or four hours.

ROTTERDAM

Is a fine, ſtrong, well-built city in the province of Holland---one of the moſt celebrated ports belonging to the States---It ſtands on the middle branch of the Rhine, and there are numberleſs canals running through the city, which bring the veſſels up to the doors of the merchants---Near one-third of the inhabitants are either Engliſh or Scotch, for which reaſon it is frequently called Little London---Rotterdam contains no curioſities, or any thing which would engage the attention of the learned and curious one moment — The

ſtatue

ſtatue of the famous Eraſmus, with the miſerable houſe that eminent ſcholar inhabited, would employ your notice a minute or two, more to remind you of this great genius, than with any view of deriving any entertainment either from the workmanſhip of the ſtatue, or from the magnificence of the building, neither of which have any merit—People, who come in the packet from England, paſs through this city in their way to the interior parts of Holland—The inns are moſt of them very indifferent—I would recommend you to that kept by C. Gobel *a la Hure de Sanglier*, in the Grand Square—It is not the beſt I was ever at, though much better than any of the reſt—From this place to Helvoetſluys is one-and-twenty miles--Your only method of going is to hire a poſt-waggon, the price of which is in proportion to the employ which the owner can get for it;

ſometimes double to what it is at others—The road is moſt miſerably bad, and you are a long time going it—You go by the Brill, and croſs the Maeſe.

HELVOETSLUYS

Is a ſmall, neat, garriſoned town—there are few good houſes, but thoſe very pleaſantly ſituated—Ships, which paſs down the Maeſe, and on account of their burthen cannot go by the Brill, clear out here; the whole town does not conſiſt of above an hundred houſes—being a great thoroughfare from one entrance by it to the continent, it wears a chearful, buſy appearance—Every Wedneſday and Saturday a packet ſails for Harwich, and returns from thence on the ſame days—The paſſage is generally twenty-four hours, ſometimes more, and

ſometimes

ſometimes leſs—You pay one guinea each, and if you take the cabin ten, beſides this, you muſt pay for proviſions, wine, &c.—I have now finiſhed this imperfect and haſty account of my tour. I am well convinced ſeveral inaccuracies and errors will be found in parts of it—your own good ſenſe will remedy the one, and your good nature allow for the other—The ſhortneſs of my ſtay in the different places would not allow of a more correct and perfect detail—Before I bring my narrative quite to a concluſion, I cannot reſiſt the very powerful inclination I feel, to give you my opinion of the character, genius, and diſpoſition of the Dutch in general—of a nation, who, in early times, for the ſucceſsful ſtruggle they made againſt the Roman power, in latter days againſt Spaniſh tyranny, and, at preſent, for the high eſteem they are held in, both as a commercial and warlike people, by the chief

potentates of Europe, have engaged the attention and pens of ſome able hiſtorians—Never, certainly, has any nation in a ſhorter period, made more rapid ſtrides in commerce, arts, or ſciences, than the United States. There are not in any European ſtates more national traits than in that of the Dutch—Their greateſt enemies accuſe them of two reigning vices in particular, avarice and cruelty; they endeavour to perſuade you, that a regard to ſelf is carried by a Dutchman to that exceſs, as to preclude feeling, humanity, and ſentiment; in fine, thoſe more refined ſenſations, which, though by Stoicks conſidered as proofs of the weakneſs of human nature, yet by minds, endued with any ſhare of refinement and ſenſibility, will be ever regarded as adding a dignity and grace to it—I am very much inclined to allow, that avarice is almoſt the reigning vice of the Dutch, and

from

from the obſervations I was able to make, from my ſhort reſidence amongſt them, I am afraid there is too much truth in the aſſertion, yet I will beg leave to offer a few words, in palliation, not in defence, of this vice, which I partake ſo much of the ſpirit of my countrymen, as to condemn in the ſevereſt terms—The conſciouſneſs, which every Dutchman muſt feel, that the proſperity of his country has been ſolely owing to the induſtry of its inhabitants, and which can only be ſupported by it, will influence him on patriotic principles, (ſurely laudable ones) to beſtow the greateſt part of his time and diligence in promoting that commerce, for which the ſituation of the country is ſo peculiarly adapted, and without which it would inevitably ceaſe to exiſt, as an independent nation—If patriotiſm, however, does not actuate him, if he is more ready to conſider himſelf, than his

country; ſtill an honeſt induſtry, an ambition to raiſe his family by equitable means to wealth and honours, is ſurely a laudable and uſeful ambition—Induſtry is the life and ſoul of commerce, and if he does not ſo immediately ſeek to promote the intereſt of the community he belongs to, yet he really does it with equal effect; habit and education muſt ever have their wonted influence on the diſpoſitions of men, and, however diſintereſted and patriotic they may wiſh to be, will not ſuffer them in reality to be ſo—A Dutchman, nurtured in the ſchool of commerce, imbibing from his childhood principles of ſelf-intereſt, and taught to regard wealth as the *ſummum bonum* of this world, muſt neceſſarily, as he advances in years, increaſe in anxiety to attain this (to him) deſireable end; and perhaps with very good intentions, and no bad diſpoſition, may, in his purſuit of gain,

gain, not adhere ſo ſtrictly to thoſe notions of liberality, which are now ſo generally adopted by more poliſhed nations, and which reflect on the poſſeſſors no ſmall degree of luſtre and honour—As to the charge of cruelty, I think it taken as a general one, by no means juſt, and I may venture to aſſert, that if cruelty is a vice peculiar to the Dutch, it is to the lower order of them —The many charitable inſtitutions I have mentioned as exiſting at Amſterdam, (and in which, I aſſure you, that city does not ſtand alone) ſhew, that humanity is not a ſtranger to the Dutch—A ſtory went about at the time I was in Holland, amongſt all the ſailors belonging to other nations, which, if true, reflects not a little on the perſons concerned—An Engliſh ſhip, in going down the Maeſe from Rotterdam, for want of a pilot, or by ſome miſmanagement, ran aground; the ſea was very rough, and it

was

was in the middle of the night—A Dutch brig being in ſight, the Engliſh veſſel hoiſted ſignals of diſtreſs—No notice was, however, taken of them, and the Dutchman purſued his voyage, an unconcerned ſpectator of the diſtreſs of the Engliſh ſhip, and choſe rather to ſuppreſs any ſentiment of compaſſion he might have riſing in his breaſt, than to indulge it at the expence of the loſs of a tide—At high water the veſſel began to fill, and the boat having been ſtove to pieces by the violence of the weather, moſt of the men were obliged to ſwim on ſhore—This is an inſtance of cruelty and avarice combined, which, for the honour of human nature, I truſt is not often met with. What I have before related, has been all that the greateſt enemies of the Dutch could alledge againſt them, and even theſe vices I am inclined to acquit the generality of them from being guilty of. I

now

now beg leave to enumerate a few, amongſt the number of virtues they poſſeſs. No nation in the world has greater claims to induſtry and perſeverance; the attention of a ſtranger will ſhortly convince him of the former; and of the latter, no greater inſtance can be given, than their reiterated attempts (in which they at laſt proved ſucceſsful) to eſtabliſh a trade to the Eaſt-Indies—In ſpite of every oppoſition from the Portugueſe, who poſſeſſed at that time the whole monopoly of the trade, they eſtabliſhed a durable commerce with the Eaſtern nations; and in order to give more vigour to their trade, by acting in a body, the ſeveral traders united in a ſociety in 1602, under the term of an Eaſt-India Company, on the model of which the Engliſh Eaſt-India Company has been formed—To theſe virtues we may add that of unqueſtionable bravery—No nation has more ſucceſsfully

ſtruggled

ſtruggled againſt our maritime power than the Dutch—with equal forces, we have ſcarce ever come off conquerors—As a mercantile nation, Holland has always maintained her character for ſtrict integrity and honour—We may ſelect from this country ſome of the moſt able ſtateſmen and true patriots any nation can boaſt of—William I. Prince of Orange, the Penſionaries Barnevelt and De Witt, ſhone forth as the moſt diſtinguiſhed characters, for ability and patriotiſm of the age in which they lived; and upon a diſpaſſionate and impartial view of their conduct, it ſeems wholly to have been actuated by the moſt pure and independent principles, by a ſincere and zealous wiſh to ſerve their country, in which two of them, as I have before obſerved, loſt their lives, one by the hand of an infatuated and hired aſſaſſin, the other by a raſh, inconſiderate mob — Amongſt the Dutch,

Dutch, you find few accompliſhed gentlemen or polite ſcholars; but you find many ſhrewd and able ſtateſmen, not a few deep-read learned men, with numbers of expert courageous officers, eſpecially in the naval line—Not aſpiring to the moſt ſtriking and dazzling accompliſhments, they are contented with enjoying the leſs ſplendid, though more uſeful ones—The nobility and gentry in the higheſt ſpheres of life, ape the dreſs and manners of the French, the mercantile and lower orders of the people preſerve the old dreſs and cuſtoms of the Flemings — The women, throughout all the provinces, in point of beauty, aſpire not above mediocrity, to which they certainly have a juſt title—Yet this, in my opinion, is in a great meaſure an effect of the little eſtimation in which beauty is held by the Dutch—For this reaſon, the Dutch women have not really encouragement

ment to make the moſt of themſelves.—Thoſe charms, which Nature may have very profuſely laviſhed on them, are loſt in the cold phlegmatic eyes of an Hollander; hence follows inattention to the preſervation of them, and the concomitant attendant, careleſsneſs of dreſs — An induſtrious, careful woman, whoſe fortune, or family connections, render her a deſireable object of a purchaſe, would almoſt always get married in preference to the moſt exquiſite beauty nature ever formed—Their predilection for merit is certainly an amiable trait in their character, and when we add to this, that there is no nation upon earth where we meet with greater inſtances of conjugal felicity; that incontinence and inconſtancy are vices ſcarcely known amongſt them, and that all a Dutchman's happineſs is centered in *that dear hut, his home*; I think we may, with confidence, pronounce them

them not devoid of merit—Upon the whole, I am inclined to eſteem the Dutch, a very happy and uſeful nation; to think, that however numerous may be their foibles, their vices are but few, perhaps leſs than thoſe of moſt European nations—The reſervedneſs of their nature, the habitual dulneſs of their diſpoſition, have led many to believe them poſſeſſed of diſſimulation, fraud, and cunning; of which vices, I am well convinced, they do not deſerve to lie under the ſtigma.

FINIS.

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